

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Lady Annabetta: a Novel.* By the Authoress of "Constance," "Rosabel," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

Mrs. THOMSON has here produced a very delightful work, whose peculiar excellence is being essentially a woman's book—one that only a woman could have written. What are the characteristics of a woman's mind when of the highest order? Truth, grace, and feeling. Such are the characteristics, also, of the volumes now before us. An interesting story is made subservient to the development of character; and, if we may use the expression, lighted up by the most playful wit, passing from "gay to grave, from lively to severe." The character of Florence, the heroine, is an exquisite picture, or rather succession of pictures. At first there is the beautiful and clever, but spoiled girl, involved in a love affair—so called by courtesy—partly from idle romance, partly from that spirit of opposition which is sure to spring up where there has been no proper authority. There are, however, the materials of good; and the way in which they are worked up, so as to produce a good result, is admirably done. The principles are awakened and strengthened by affection and affliction—those feminine touchstones; and the whole is left like a highly and delicately finished statue.

The sketch of Lady Annabetta herself is the most powerful thing Mrs. Thomson has yet done. The fever of jealousy, fretting the mind till the mind itself gives way, is fearfully distinct and the closing scenes of her husband's death-bed, and those attendant upon it, are drawn with a terrible reality. But we must "open the leaves and look within," or rather let our readers look, endeavouring not to break in upon the narrative, but to give an idea of the style and sentiment.

*A Fancy Fair in a Country Town.*—"Feuds were at this moment rife in the small town of Chatfield. No Guelphs, nor Ghibellines, were ever more determined foes than the respective adherents of Mrs. Simcox and Mrs. Taggart had of late become. Various and intricate causes had unhappily, as it was the proper thing to say, wrought up these two ladies to the point of direct hostility. Mrs. Simcox wanted to manage the book society all in her own way. Mrs. Taggart was too eager and vehement in assuming and carrying on the business of a charitable society, the lady members of which had undertaken to make and sell various ornamental and useful articles for the benefit of the poor generally; a sort of ancestral proceeding to that species of charitable chivalry denominated, in our modern days, a fancy fair, or bazaar,—more modern undertakings, which were just beginning at this time to come into vogue, but were not patronised at present with that intense enthusiasm with which they have since been carried on and encouraged. The ladies of Chatfield, who humbly called themselves the Dorcas Society, and who had hitherto been contented with meeting monthly to cut out calico bed-gowns, and prick their fingers to pieces with

hemming linsey woolsey aprons, stimulated now by Mrs. Simcox's more elegant suggestion of fabricating fancy articles (she being nothing of a sewer herself), those highly meritorious ladies, the manager and secretary of the Dorcas Society, seconded by the members, had set out with Christian charity as their object, publicity and commendation as their aversion; 'nothing could be more objectionable than the notice that would be attracted to them, *et cetera, et cetera.*' They met in committee, and quarrelled every time. The objects intended to benefit by the bazaar were, a benevolent society and county ophthalmic infirmary. Mrs. Simcox took the chair. At the very first onset, Mrs. Taggart walked out of the room. She was brought back by the united entreaties of her friends, but matters had not been satisfactorily composed. 'It was very distressing' to all the ladies, according to their own account, to be constrained to take one side or another. First, they were obliged to differ, and, that necessary preliminary being arranged, Mrs. Simcox and her set formed themselves into a committee in the tea-room, and Mrs. Taggart in the card-room, at the White Hart; a long, windy, blue-panelled apartment, occasionally divided by rickety folding doors, in which every meeting was held, from the bench of magistrates down to 'Mathews at Home,' where a ball one night was succeeded by Walker's orrery the next;—wax candles one evening, and fumes of tobacco the next morning. The belligerent parties being separated, the cause of benevolence began to flourish. Now and then, indeed, a scout from Mrs. Simcox's body-guard would intrude upon the dignified coterie of Mrs. Taggart; and occasionally, under the pretext of wanting ink, or borrowing paper, a confidential aide-de-camp of Mrs. Taggart was seen curtsying in the opposite doorway to Mrs. Simcox, sure to be greeted when she came back with—'Well, Lizzy,' or 'Sophy, as it might chance, 'how are they getting on? Have they much to shew?' To do Mrs. Taggart justice, the prospects of her division were far more precise than those of her philosophic rival. Mrs. Simcox harangued better than she worked; and all she contributed to the stock of saleable things consisted in her own impromptus, scribbled in her own bad hand, upon note paper, and sealed—to be feloniously vended for two shillings each. 'Well, if this is not picking pockets!' was Mrs. Taggart's exclamation, when news of these performances reached her hostile camp;—'but, to be sure, it is all for charity.'"

*Beautiful Miniature.*—"Florence was indeed a being upon whom a wiser and a better father than Major De Grey might look with pride. Her immature beauty had in it a rare and fascinating peculiarity; her hair—of a pale brown, not flaxen, nor yet chestnut, of that soft and rare tint which enhances the brilliancy of the complexion, while it scarcely casts a shadow upon the cheek—hung in ringlets, so loose that they almost might be called tresses, even to the bodice of her gown. The beauty of Florence de Grey, its quality and degree, was often, however, the source of dispute to common observers. The long, shrewd, and penetrating, yet soft and tender eye, half

hazel, half gray, required to be lighted up by certain feelings before its surpassing power and uncommon depth of expression could be estimated. The eye-brow was long and pencilled, but not dark, even though contrasted with a forehead; white, and clear, and high, such as may chiefly be traced in English beauties of the upper classes. But, if in the eye, that speaking feature, even the most partial observer might allow a somewhat of fire, or even severity, to be at times too obvious, the loveliness, and freshness, and innocence, of the mouth and lower part of the face, retrieved the defects of a transient, though frequent, expression, at this period of Miss De Grey's youth, almost too strong and flashing. There was such a play on those youthful lips; such sweetness, yet such sarcasm; such merriment, yet such sensibility, that real judges of beauty—that is to say, good judges of other things, persons of cultivated taste, refinement, and sense; for, without these requisites I would give little for the estimate which people pretend to make of beauty—such persons were uniformly led away, as the saying is, by Florence de Grey's face, or, rather, by Florence de Grey, with a different face, a different countenance, every five minutes; for evanescent were the smile and the gloom which succeeded each other on that beaming face. But how idle is description! for, whilst the impression which some countenances make upon the heart and imagination is indelible, language refuses its aid to the 'thoughts that breathe.'"

*Differing Delights of a Watering-Place.*—"One day at a watering-place is not only the mournful predecessor, but the monotonous prototype of another. First, the aristocratic visitant is quickly installed into the over-grown hotel; rooms chosen, ladies' maids and poodles are accommodated, imperials unpacked; the ladies dress, and look out of the window upon the long, new street, studded with flies—by courtesy so called—and donkey carriages; a solitary beau or two may be seen wending his way from the billiard-room, or, by signal good fortune, you may be cheered by the aspect of an arrival. Then a costly, but by no means sumptuous dinner is served up—beef-tea soup, venerable fish, and that legitimate loin, or half-loin, of mutton, indigenous in all watering-places. After dinner, how cheerful! The gentleman falls asleep, mamma nods, and the poor young lady is left to pass the long evenings the best way she can; generally languidly enough, without the solace of home interests, and with nothing but worsted work to console her. Such was, at least, the fate of Florence de Grey. Far happier are the merry citizens of some solid borough, who turn out for a week's holiday, bring neither servants nor carriage, are under no dominion of the phantom gentility, nor enslaved by domestics, leave their horses at home, pay, and sit down, with good appetites, unconscious of the chance of degradation, to the crowded public table. 'For I declare,' as remarked Mrs. Bird, who, with a flight of birds, had alighted at Burkenhead, from Sheffield, 'one might as well be in one's own parlour with Mr. Bird, as live in one's own room.' Then, at the 'Family Hotel,' all different



members of the family are accommodated with society to their taste. Mr. Bird meets with a friend, with whom he has done business at York some ten years ago; is very glad to renew the acquaintance; half talks him into a bargain before coffee is announced. For a friend, in Mr. Bird's mind, is a ledger embodied—his moral qualities all centre in his credit. Then the Miss Birds—who come to Burkenhead with great expectations, and are at first disappointed, can at first see nothing that comes up exactly to their ideas, either in the natural or physical world—find, after a few dinners and a little music in the evening, that they made too precipitate a judgment—they attract and are attracted—the eye and fancy are caught—and they go home at the week's end, having passed the happiest week in their lives; whilst their amiable mamma has returned with a fresh and consolatory conviction of the extreme delicacy of her own health, and the interest with which her case has inspired Mrs. Thomson of Hull, Mrs. Green of Halifax, and various other matronly ladies, arrived at that age when every thing but dress and medicine has ceased to afford them much interest. For woman, it seems, must take up some folly to console her in her passage through life; and perhaps I should say that, in uncultivated minds, and with unemployed hands—though with neither of these conditions in our sex can the present day be reproached—that to such, the least useful, most fretful, and most egotistical period of existence, is that when, having performed all that Providence has allotted to her in the way of having and rearing children, she steps into confirmed middle age—has less to do than she ever before had in her life—nothing progressive in her own immediate prospects—finds that her children can do very well without her; and feels that the days of romance are over with the worthy gentleman, her husband."

*Description of a Statue.*—"It was that of a girl of eighteen or nineteen, softly and negligently fallen into a slumber, her arms folded underneath her face, which, in an attitude incidental to youth, rested upon them,—a beautiful exemplification that in the spring of life our sleep is easy, and requires not the appliances and means to boot, which the pillowed head of a more troublous period of life renders essential. The figure now alluded to, seemed, in truth, to press, as of one actually in deep, though soft repose, the mattress on which it lay extended, the air and sentiment of repose pervading every limb, and every muscle characterising even the loose and light folds of the clinging raiment, and resting upon the placid features of the youthful face, which certainly resembled that of Florence. There was an indefinable languor, not of disease, but of slumberous inaction, perfectly distinct from death, upon the brow, the mouth, the rounded and placid limbs; and yet so perfect was the illusion, that a vague impression was imparted to the observer, that the sleeper might instantly awake, or be aroused to consciousness and activity; so serene, yet so breathing, it seemed; so delicate, yet so full of vigour; in short, so human was it,—not

"So coldly sweet, so deadlily fair,  
We start! for life is wanting there;"

for art had done her utmost, and the inspirations of genius had almost vitified the cold marble."

*The Death-beds of a Workhouse.*—"There were seven or eight beds only in this ward; and the flower of the infirmary's unhappy tenantry, the youthful and the hopeful, those

who loved life, and who were not admonished by loss of limb,—or obstruction of muscular strength,—or benighted reason, to give it up without reluctance, were here laid; reason in most instances fully spared to them,—spared to aggravate the bitterness of separation from their humble homes, their consignment to strange nurses, and, worst of all, spared to them to see hourly some neighbour in misfortune carried off to that resting-place where each in her turn expected to be carried next. On one bed lay a mother just entered into the infirmary, who had left her children; they were ill of the hooping-cough, and their father was out at work all day: she was crying bitterly, fearful that they would be neglected, and in particular that little Johnny, the youngest, would not be happy with the strange girl, hired at a shilling a week, whom she had left to nurse him. Next to her, was a young married woman, far advanced in consumption; brought on by cold after her first confinement. Her case was hopeless, but not one of immediate danger, and time was allowed her to prepare for the last change. To the question, tearfully asked by Miss De Grey, whether she was resigned to the idea of an early death? she answered simply, 'that she should be, but she had not been married above a year, and she had a kind husband, and a young infant, whom she was loath to leave,' and a flood of tears brought on a fit of coughing, so fearful, that the frame of the poor young woman was shaken, as a stem of a frail birchen or larch-tree is shaken by the wind; and Florence moved on until the dire paroxysm was past. The unfortunate occupant of the next bed was still younger than any of the former objects of heartfelt compassion. She had been a dress-maker; and the neat night-cap, under which appeared the plaited hair, tied on either side of her face with a scrap of pink riband, shewed a former attention to the vanities—perhaps the sinful vanities, of life. This patient was in the last agonies; with her the combat was almost over; she was breathing her last, in hard gaspings; her blue eyes fixed, but her mind still conscious—her fair hand, garnished with rings, lay upon the coarse sheets; no one knew any thing about her, except her age, nineteen: no friends had been to see her, nor distant relatives sent her any token of kindness. Her previous life, her, perhaps, lonely sufferings, first hard work, then sickness, then want, might be conjectured, but they were not ascertained. She was far gone when she came in: the clergyman had not been with her—he was expected in a quarter of an hour—'but then'—the nurse said, looking at the poor girl, 'her pains will be over.'"

These extracts will shew the great variety of talent displayed in this work—there is that lively wit, which is so successful in making the real stand vividly before us; and there is a deep feeling, subdued by high principle; together with the power of making both effective in the story. The *Lady Annabella* is a work that must greatly add to Mrs. Thomson's already high reputation.

*Wallace; a Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts.* 8vo. pp. 173. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

THERE are but few subjects in Scottish history better adapted for dramatic representation than the daring exploits of Wallace, and the rude but chivalric characters to whom he was opposed. His life resembles the remembrance of an appalling and splendid dream, in which all that is golden and glorious is tarnished and

bedabbled with blood; like the last sunset which gilded the vanes of Herculaneum, there is something ominous in its decline. He seemed, from the outset, to stand like Samson, grasping the pillars of the temple, and prepared for the death that impended in the avalanche of his own slaughters. Like Crichton, he shot across the sky, sudden and startling as a meteor; and scarcely had man time to point out the terrible track which he had traversed before he was gone.

No marvel, then, that a young mind should, sixteen years ago, and in the short space of six days, while attempting to grapple with, and portray such a character as Wallace (in the onward burst of enthusiasm, and all the flush and excitement created in the youthful bosom while contemplating such a hero), commit many faults in composition, which practice, and the judgment of maturer years, would avoid. One advantage is, however, gained by such faults: the composition oftener retains all that fire and stirring energy which are wanting in the coldly correct and more finished production. The present tragedy contains many passages that would bear out our assertion; intermixed, it is true, with dross and rough matter, but which, when carefully examined, will be found to produce sterling and golden poetry. Take the following burst:—

"The storm increases. Hark!  
That awful peal might daunt the bravest spirit,  
And sober even madness."

The two following lines are also very graphic and original:—

"When war knocks at the gate, nor waits our coming,  
But bursts the lock, and rudely rushes in."

Here, again, is a picture:—

"Oh, 'twas a moving scene  
To see each hill and village on its brow  
Smile in the beauteous splendour of the sun—  
As young and old, the matron and the maid,  
The lame, bedridden, and the loping babe,  
With anxious eyes looked to the field of war!  
While blessing and fond hope, together blending  
In patriot tears, stole silently along  
Their trembling cheeks."

Although there are many passages scattered over these pages containing great strength and beauty, yet, if extracted, they would scarcely convey a notion of the power and harmony which ran through and link the scenes together.

The plot is well sustained. The scene where the traitor Lundie offers to lead the English commanders by a safe path to the Scottish camp is admirably given. The fair Floreema is a lovely character, and the meeting between her and Wallace, after the battle, teems with pathos and poetry. The wavering and conscience-stricken Monteith, and the ambitious and treacherous Cumming, are vividly drawn, while the positions they occupy are strictly and powerfully dramatic. The interview between Eliza and her father, where she discovers him in the English uniform, previous to his betraying Wallace, is both startling and fine; nor can we remember any modern tragedy better adapted for theatrical representation than the one now before us, especially if a little care were bestowed on the alteration of a few passages.

We extract the following beautiful specimen, and leave our readers to decide for themselves.

"*Alarums. Re-enter Wallace bearing Floreema, who is wounded by an arrow.*"

Wallace. I hope it is not mortal—  
Here may'st thou rest in safety, and take breath.  
Floreema. I feel a little faint—but 'twill be over—  
And I shall rest in peace. (Sitting down on a hillock.)  
Wal. O dear Floreema!

Speak not despairingly.—Alas! what brought thee  
Where war's rude shafts respect not whom they visit—  
But deal destruction to the fair and brave  
Promiscuously?—



Flor. Didst thou not bid me watch,  
And be thy guardian angel?—Yes! most kindly—  
And I did promise.—  
Wal. Oh, 'twas but in thought!  
Aunt not by deed.—  
Flor. I've watched thee long in thought,  
And wished to prove my fervency by action.  
And I am happy—though it may not last—  
But while I breathe I will.—  
Wal. Sweet flower of beauty!  
Oh, droop not thus in hope's enamoured bloom,  
To desolate our hearts!  
Flor. Where is my brother?  
Wal. Fear not for Graham—his sword exults in battle,  
And we shall triumph yet.  
Flor. Ye are betrayed  
By Canning's cowardice.—My fears prove true—  
Too true, alas!—but thou would'st not believe me.  
Wal. We are prepared to meet our fate like men;  
And Heaven can ask no more.  
Flor. Oh, may ye prosper  
Still, in the care of Heaven, and Scotia's love!  
I could say much—but modesty forbids  
What death would yet allow me.  
Name not death.—  
Flor. Florencia! thou wilt live.  
Flor. When I am gone,  
Wilt thou tell Graham how his loved sister died?  
And say she blessed him with her dying breath  
For loving thee!—Oh, wilt thou tell him, Wallace?  
I would do more for thee!—I know thou wilt—  
Thy tears speak feelingly unto my heart:  
And I could weep in sympathy of soul—  
But—oh, my day weeping is gone by,  
And the long night of sorrow—  
Wal. Be composed!—  
And Graham will come to cheer thee.  
Florencia. He may weep  
While thinking of his tenderness to me,  
And dreams of love—but he will not see thee all!  
And I shall be thy guardian angel still.  
In yonder sphere, I will request that favour,  
Even for thy sake! and Heaven shall grant the boon,  
To watch o'er those who shared our earthly love!  
Oh, 'twill be ecstasy to gaze on thee,  
Beloved of Heaven, and idolised by men,  
For virtuous independence to the last,  
Exalting Scotland's glory!"

*Bibliotheca Cantiana: a Bibliographical Account of what has been Published on the History, Topography, Antiquities, Customs, and Family History of the County of Kent.* By John Russell Smith. 8vo. pp. 360. London, 1837, J. R. Smith; Canterbury, Ward; Rochester, Vidion; Dover, Battchellor; Ashford, Elliot; Chatham, Burrill; Maidstone, J. Brown, C. Brown; Dartford and Bromley, Dunkin; Greenwich, Richardson; and West-erham, George.

THIS volume belongs to a class of great utility, and requiring much diligent research and attention in all its parts to render them what they ought to be. We congratulate Mr. Smith on the performance of his task. His work is a *sine qua non* to every Kentish library; and one which the general historian and antiquary will do well to consult. It seems to us to be very accurate and complete; and we are sure that it contains much curious and valuable information—local, biographical, topographical, antiquarian, bibliographical, statistical, and national. We recommend it heartily; though it is not in our power to convey any particular notion of its merits by entering into details or making extracts.

A single example must suffice to show his manner of treating his subjects.

"The History of Kent, in Five Parts, containing:—1. An exact Topography or Description of the County; 2. The Civil History of Kent; 3. The Ecclesiastical History of Kent; 4. The History of the Royal Navy of England; 5. The Natural History of Kent, by John Harris, D.D. and F.R.S., Vol. I. folio. London, 1719.

"Collation.—Title, Dedication, Preface, an Ode by P. Motteux, List of Subscribers, &c. 8 leaves. History of Kent, pp. 592; Index, Additions, and Emendations, pp. 40; Plates.—Portrait of Harris, Map of the County, surrounded with the Arms of the Subscribers, p. 1; View of Preston Hall, p. 32; Broome, p. 34; Chilton Manor, p. 40; Wierton, p. 49; Boughton Court, p. 49; Chart Sutton, p. 69; Tragnall, p. 72; Chevening, p. 74; High Street House, p. 75; Chested Place, p. 76; Aidington West-Court, p. 91; Smith's Hall, p. 130; Tusham Hall, p. 131; Goodnestone, p. 132; Mount Morris, p. 136; Igham Court, p. 162; Knowlton, p. 171; the Grange, and Leyburn Castle, p. 172; Leeds Abbey, p. 176; the Mote, p. 192; Beachborough, p. 216; Oxen Heath, p. 233; Pendhurst, p. 236; Plate of Antiquities, p. 246; View of

Rochester, p. 251; Knole (2 Plates), p. 278; Kippington, p. 278; House of Dr. Fuller, Sevenoaks, p. 279; Lee's Court, p. 280; Tunbridge Wells, p. 292; Sundridge Place, and Bore Place, p. 303; Ingreys, p. 309; Map of the Isle of Thanet, p. 313; Mayne Phaseli Inisle, p. 315; Waldershare, p. 325; Squerries, p. 329; Pendock, p. 330; Deane, p. 335; Reculver Church and Beacons in Kent, p. 345; Map of Romney Marsh, p. 348; Kils Coty House, a Janus's Head, and Dover Castle, p. 371; also three Woodcuts on pp. 69, 218, and 385.

"Dr. John Harris was born about 1667, and received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1687, and that of Master in 1691. Having taken orders in the church, he obtained considerable preferments. He was first instituted into the rectory of Barming, in this county, which he resigned for St. Mildred, Broad Street, London; he had, also, the perpetual curacy of Stroud, and a prebend in Rochester Cathedral: he wrote a variety of sermons and treatises on the mathematics; a compilation of voyages and travels, in two volumes folio; but the work for which he was most eminently distinguished, was his *Lexicon Technicum*; or, an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the first book of its kind published in this country, and from which originated all the other dictionaries of science and cyclopædias which have appeared. Though Harris was a man of unquestionable abilities and attainments, he was charged with culpable imprudence in his conduct; and, notwithstanding the preferments he enjoyed, was generally in distress. He died, Sept. 17, 1719, an absolute pauper, at Norton Court, and was buried in Norton church at the expense of John Godfrey, Esq., who had long been his friend and benefactor. His *History of Kent* was published shortly after his death, which, though he had been engaged on it eight years, contains but few alterations from the former descriptions of this county, and as few continuations of families, the owners of the several manors and estates, concluding with the possessors of them in Philpott's time, 1686. What progress the doctor made towards the second volume, which was to have contained the history of Rochester Cathedral, an account of the eminent persons of the county, the religious foundations, and a history of the royal navy, is not known. Dying insolvent, his papers came into the hands of Edward Goddard, Esq., of Clyffe Pypard, Co. Wilts, who had them in 1761. Hasted made every inquiry after them when he was writing his history of the county, but gained no knowledge of them.—*Gough, Rees, Hasted.*"

We shall only subjoin two brief passages; the first on account of its being capable of a rather startling double construction; and the last as a fair bull.

"A Tear of regret to the memory of Lieut.-Col. Shadwell, who was murdered at Wrotham, June 1, 1799, by the Rev. William Cole."

[N.B. The Colonel was really murdered by two deserters, and not by the clergyman, who only wrote the "Tear," &c.]

Edward Hasted "died at the Master's Lodge of the Lady Hungerford's Hospital, Corsham, Wilts, at the advanced age of 80, Jan. 14, 1812. By Anne, his wife, who died in 1803, Mr. Hasted left four sons and two daughters.—*Genl's Mag., communicated by Hasted himself.*"

Here we bid our worthy compiler adieu, and have merely to request our readers, if they like parallels to these *faciæ*, to have the goodness to turn to our review of *Chelsea Hospital*.

#### *Chelsea Hospital, and its Traditions, &c.*

[Second notice.]

In our last No. we described, very briefly, the interesting features of this publication. Of the Christmas-day tumult at Canterbury, and the Maidstone fight, both connected with the rising in Kent (1647, 6), Mr. Gleig has, as we observed, made an excellent use for the object he had in view; though it was no easy matter to equal, still less to exceed, the records extant of those transactions in the numerous contemporary tracts\* which then supplied the place of newspaper intelligence. The most famous of Marlborough's campaigns, the prototypes of Wellington's, are also illustrated with historical

\* Such as "Canterbury Christmas, or a True Relation of the Insurrection in Canterbury on Christmas Day, with the great Hurt that befel divers Persons thereby;" "The Designs of the Rebels in Kent, at their Rendezvous the day before the Storming of Maidstone;" "Bloody News from Kent, being a Relation of the Fight at Maidstone and Rochester;" "Sad News out of Kent, &c., in a Letter from Chatham, of the Rising at Maydstone, &c., and their Intentions to Randevouse at Blackheath"—which, if they had done, by the by, the results might have been widely different.—*Ed. L. G.*

truth as well as peculiar spirit; and Neil Campbell's adventures give life to the Spanish war of Peterborough. The story of Catherine Welch (which is related to exhibit the wars of King William) is a very remarkable one, and seems to derive little addition or embellishment from the author's pen. He states that—

"In the list of old admissions into Chelsea Hospital there is one entry which I am bound to transcribe, in defiance of the shock which its peculiar phraseology may give to minds as sensitive as my own. It runs thus:—'19th Nov. 1717. Stair's Dragoons: Catherine Welch, a fatt jolly breast woman, received several wounds in the service, in the habit of a man;—from the 10th July, 1717.' The reader will easily believe that the perusal of this legend excited in me no common desire to discover something of the history of the individual to whom it referred. I take it for granted that a similar feeling is at this moment operating with him; and it is, therefore, very satisfactory to me that I am in a condition to gratify his curiosity. Catherine Cavenaugh, otherwise Catherine Welch, otherwise Catherine Davies, otherwise Mother Ross, was born in Dublin, some time in the year 1667. She was the daughter of an honest and industrious couple, who earned their livelihood,—the husband by managing a malthouse and brewery, the wife out of the proceeds of a farm, which in her own name she seems to have rented. They do not appear to have had any other children than Catherine,—at least my authorities make of such no mention; and Catherine became, in consequence, a prodigious favourite with them. It was the height of their ambition to render her an accomplished woman, for which purpose they sent her to one of the best schools in the city. But Kate's views were in these respects at variance with those of her parents. She learned to read and write, and to use her needle; but in scholastic lore she never advanced further. On the contrary, having a strong passion for out-of-doors occupations, she insisted on residing at the farm, where she handled the flail and guided the plough with as much dexterity as the best of her mother's labourers. Several instances are recorded of her juvenile habits, of which it is unnecessary to say more than that they entirely acquit her of all undue leaning to the weaknesses, bodily and mental, of a woman's nature. I find, for example, that at eighteen she would mount astride upon the wildest horse, and leap him, without saddle or bridle, over hedge and ditch. She had a passion, likewise, for the refined amusement which is still, I believe, prosecuted at Greenwich Fair, namely, rolling down hill in company with a whole troop of persons of like tastes and habits. And, as to her personal strength and agility, take this as a specimen:—When the ceremony of proclaiming James the Second was in progress, in 1685, Kate happened to be perched on the top of a haystack. She was determined to witness the whole affair; so, making but a single step to the ground, she vaulted over a five-bar gate, and jostled her way through the crowd, till she reached the heralds themselves. I am afraid that there is in all this very little that appertains to the romantic or the tender; yet was Catherine, not without her amiable points, too, as will be discovered in the sequel. Whether Catherine's father was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, I have not been able to discover; but in politics he was a sturdy Jacobite; for, when James came to Ireland, after his expulsion from the English throne, our brewer, among others, took up arms in his defence,



## THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND

He sold all his standing corn and other valuable effects,' says my authority; 'and with that money, and what he had by him, he raised a troop of horse, and set out at the head of it to join the king's army.' And here again his daughter, while the process of enlistment was going on, exhibited unquestionable symptoms of that firmness and intrepidity which were in due time to win for her an exalted niche in the temple of Fame. Mr. Cavenaugh, more learned in the qualities of malt than of horseflesh, bought a charger which neither he nor the boldest of his troop could ride. Kate took him in hand, and soon gave him to the captain as pliable and gentle as need be. Nor was this all. One day a riot took place at the door of a church within which Kate's mother was engaged in her devotions; and a party of Jacobite soldiers were marched thither, to make prisoners of the congregation. Kate swore to deliver her mother at all events; for which purpose she armed herself with a spit, and used it so effectually that, after running the sergeant through the calf of the leg, she burst the cordon, and brought off her mother in triumph. She had well-nigh been brought into trouble for this exploit,—indeed she was some time in confinement; but the father's zeal in the exiled monarch's cause being weighed against the daughter's indiscriminating violence, Kate was set at liberty. The author to whom I am mainly indebted for these facts has judged it expedient to mix up his sketch of Catherine's life with an outline of the military operations that took place in Ireland during the eventful years that immediately succeeded the Revolution. It is not my purpose to follow his example in these respects; for I do not find that Catherine took any part in the struggle. On the contrary, she appears to have lived quietly with her mother at the farm in the country; whence she removed, at the termination of the war, to Dublin, and became the companion and assistant, and eventually the successor, of an aunt who kept a public-house not far from College Green. Here, then, we find her established in a line of life which may be supposed to have accorded well with her singular temperament and disposition. Yet it must not be imagined that Catherine, either as an inn-keeper or a breaker-in of fierce horses, was wholly insensible to the tender passion. Long before her settlement on College Green, she had given her heart to a cousin of her own, who behaved ill to her. She, accordingly, renounced his society, and, with her usual firmness, resisted all his endeavours to reinstate himself in her favour; but she did not, on that account, lock up for ever the kindly feelings of her heart. There was in her own employment an insinuating tapster, Richard Welch by name, who found in his mistress's eyes especial favour, and who was brought to comprehend and take advantage of the good fortune that had befallen him, by means illustrative of the delicacy of sentiment which formed a striking trait in Catherine's character. Kate sighed in private for her amiable drawer, but could not, of course, make the first advances. She, therefore, commissioned an intimate friend to acquaint him with the real nature of his position; not abruptly or by positive assertion, but quietly, by hints, and insinuations, and all those unostentatious but efficient means of proceeding in which, I am sure most unjustly, women are said to be versed. Now honest Welch was slow of comprehension. He could not believe at first that 'the lot had fallen to him on such pleasant ground'; indeed, it was not till the kind confidante assured him, 'she

knew almost enough of the matter to promise him success,' that he could be induced to move. But he did move at last: and having been abruptly rejected, and told 'to mind the business of the house, and not her, which would better become him'; lo! his mistress softened in her ire. In one word, before the week was out, Catherine Cavenaugh had become Mrs. Welch, and Mr. Welch, landlord of the 'Pig and Bagpipes.'

For her subsequent extraordinary career as a light-horseman, and a camp sutler, we must be content to refer to Mr. Gleig, a taste of whose talent for describing it may be enjoyed from the sample we have had room to give. The taking of Quebec is a more general narrative; and this, with some further accounts of Chelsea Hospital, concludes the second volume.

In the third we are treated with further details and accounts of recent improvements, admirably written; and then follow a series of wild, supernatural traditions, and anecdotes of tragical events which have happened in various branches of the service. A touch of French imprisonment at Verdun, a sketch from Waterloo, and the real personal biographies of several pensioners, including two or three centenarians, and a simple and affecting one of George Thornton, who died last year, aged 42, conclude the interesting miscellany, of which we regret that we can give but so imperfect an idea. Of Mr. Gleig's feeling, however, one short extract may suggest a faint notion; he is speaking of the funeral of a pensioner, the grave surrounded by his aged comrades:—'Therefore, (he says) not with the indifference which often marks the manner of those whose career has been less exposed than his own to difficulties and temptations, does the old soldier listen to the short and beautiful service which our church has appointed to be read at the burial of the dead. On the contrary, he feels where common men scarcely hear: and from his soul comes the Amen which answers to the touching petition, in which 'we meekly beseech our Father to raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; so that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our brother doth.'

Of the superstitious legends we shall copy one as a sample. It is told by a corporal, and the scene is the banks of the Niagara near the falls:—

"There was (he tells) a man in my company, by name James Sweetlove, an honest, simple-minded, quiet fellow,—a good soldier too, as far as sobriety and cleanliness contribute to make a soldier, but altogether deficient in the sort of spirit which goes far to carry him through whatever difficulties and dangers may beset him. Sweetlove was married, and, having left his wife and two children in England, never ceased, from the hour of his arrival at head-quarters, to bewail his hard fate. He was exceedingly attached to them; it had well-nigh broken his heart to abandon them; and the constant burden of his song was, that they would never meet again. All arguments, all jokes, all remonstrances, failed to turn him aside out of this melancholy state of feeling. 'Well, well,' was his habitual answer, 'you may say just what you please, but when I embraced my wife and little ones on the beach at Portsmouth, something whispered in my ear, that it was for the last time; and you will see whether or not it spoke truly.' Jem Sweetlove was on picket with me during the night of the 15th. It came to his turn to mount sentry by the river's side at midnight, and he went to his post, not gaily, for Jem was

never gay, but as free from oppression as we had seen him since he joined us. Well, I returned to the picket fire, after planting the reliefs, and had sat about half an hour, chatting, as men are apt to do in such situations with their comrades, when a musket-shot from the line of sentries caught my ear, and a general alarm was excited. We all stood to our arms; but the firing was not repeated, and no tumult in the front succeeded it. The officer, accordingly, after waiting about ten minutes, desired me to ascertain the cause of the shot; and taking with me a file of men, I hastened to obey his orders. Beginning on the right of the line, I ascertained, first from one sentinel and then from another, that all was quiet in the front, though they too had heard the shot, and for a moment had been startled by it. As I approached the centre, however, where Sweetlove kept post, the intelligence communicated was more explicit. In a word, it was believed that Sweetlove had fired,—but why, nobody could tell, for there had been no movement either on the river or along the opposite bank since the relief went round. Forward I now pushed, towards Sweetlove's station. There was no moon in the heavens, but the stars were out by millions,—and by their light objects could be discerned at some little distance. Carefully, therefore, I looked abroad, being unwilling to censure without reason; yet I could see nothing, except the mighty St. Lawrence rolling on in its solitude. I was, therefore, ready to discharge a volume of abuse at the culprit, when I beheld him make a sudden spring towards the river, cast his firelock from him, and jump in. 'Is the man beside himself!' cried I, as we ran forward to save him. Neither was it an easy matter to accomplish that object, for the current was strong and the channel deep; and the stream had swept him a considerable distance into the rapids ere we succeeded in getting hold of his clothes, and dragging him to the shore. It was no time to find fault when the poor fellow stood before me drenched and shivering, and looking as wild as a startled hare. I, therefore, contented myself by demanding from him, on our way back to the picket fire, an explanation of what had happened. At first he seemed unwilling to give it, but at length said:—'It's all over with me, corporal! You have often ridiculed my assertions, that I should never see my wife and family again, but before many hours pass you will change your note. I shall be a dead man to-morrow.' 'Pooh, nonsense! Jem,' cried I, 'this is the old story over again. Why, man, your chances are just as good as those of the rest of us, only you have no heart; and more die for lack of that than by sword or bayonet. Cheer up, cheer up! and tell us why you fired?' 'It was not I that fired. My piece went off in the struggle, but I never touched the trigger.' 'What struggle, Jem? for Heaven's sake don't speak in riddles! There was nobody near your post when we came up; with whom, then, could you struggle?' 'With my wife, corporal!' replied he. 'Ay, smile and look incredulous, if you choose, but what I tell you is a fact; and you yourself will admit that it was so, before to-morrow's sun goes down. Listen, then, and you shall hear all. You had not left me more than ten minutes, when, on making a face-to-the-right for the purpose of walking my rounds, I beheld, with what feelings you may judge, Margaret standing near me. She was very pale, very thin, and dressed in a long white wrapper. Her hair had broken loose, and was streaming from beneath her cap; and the expression of her eyes



was so sorrowful and sad, that it went to my very heart. For a moment she looked at me in silence; and then her thin white lips moved, and she said to me—'Jem, leave this place, or it will be too late!' As I hope to be saved, there was no delusion in the case. I heard the words as distinctly as I hear my own voice now; and I answered them by stating, that I neither could nor would desert my post. She repeated her entreaty; and, finding that I persisted in my determination, she seized my firelock, and strove to wrest it out of my hand. In that struggle the piece went off, and then Margaret, letting go her hold, drew back from me I know not how, for her limbs never turned, and her face was still towards me, with an expression in her eye of the same deep melancholy which had so much shocked me at the first. I gazed after her, when all at once I saw her with my two babies in a canoe. She was pale as before, but they were as red as my coat, —and a horrible red savage sat in the stern, and steered her towards the rapids. Margaret waved her hand to me, and said—'We meet to-morrow!' I saw that they were getting into the current; I heard the roar of the waterfall below. What could I do? I cast my firelock from me, and sprang into the water to save them! Sweetlove told his tale with a voice and manner so calm and collected, that it was impossible to question his own firm belief in the reality of the vision. He persisted, too, in his belief that he should not survive the morrow, and appeared altogether so shaken that it was judged expedient not to employ him again as a sentry. He, therefore, sat by the fire all night; and when daylight came in, we saw that his hair had suddenly changed its colour. Five hours previously it had been dark brown; now it was as gray as that of an old man of ninety. But this was not all: the enemy attacked us soon afterwards in force, and our pickets were driven in, though not till Sweetlove, who behaved like a gallant soldier, had received his fatal wound, and fulfilled his destiny. But I have not yet done. About six weeks after the battle, letters arrived from England, one of which gave an account of the decease of Mrs. Sweetlove and her children; the children having sunk under an attack of scarlet fever, and the mother dying of a decline. Now, what think ye of all this, which is true as I am a living man?"

This is succeeded by a sequel, to which we have alluded in our notice of the *'Bibliotheca Cantiana';* and, in quoting it, we will shew that neither posthumous communications, nor bulls, are confined to the Kentish writer.

"Oh, if that be the sort of thing you are in search of," interposes a third veteran, "I can tell my stories, too; both of which may be authenticated by reference to an officer who holds rank in this establishment. For, to a certain extent, he was connected with both, and, I dare say, recollects them. The regiment in which I served was employed in the expedition to the Helder, in 1799, and part of it took a passage in the ship of war in which the officer to whom I have just alluded served, at the time, as a midshipman. Among other individuals embarked, was an Irish drummer, by name Corney Nolan, as brave a fellow as ever drubbed sheepskin or cracked a joke in the presence of an enemy. It was remarked of Corney, that, from the hour of his embarkation at Margate till the boats pushed off for the Dutch coast, he never once smiled. Had he been left to himself, he would have kept below during the voyage, for he seemed to have the greatest horror of the deck; indeed, he invariably quitted

it as soon as the muster was over, and hid himself among the berths. It was of no use to badger or tease him about his conduct. He would neither change it, nor explain the motives that swayed him, but answered, always—'I have my reasons. Let me alone, and mind your own matters.' At last the Helder point was made; the boats hoisted out, and other preparations made to land. 'Now, then,' said we, 'Corney, tell us why you were so gloomy on board. It's not like you at all to be out of spirits; what ailed you?' 'Faith, then, I'll tell you, lads,' answered Corney, 'for we're out of the mess now, at all events. The devil, for one time, has told a lie, any how, and may-be he'll tell more. An old hag lucked at my hand in Tipperary long ago, and said, that I'd die in the wather. Now, I don't mind dyin' like a man, with the enemy afore me; but to be drowned like a blind puppy—I could not fancy that at all. But there's the land! Hurrah! boys; hurrah! and there's the French rascals a-top of it! Let's charge them! and I'll shew you how!' Just as Corney spoke, our boat ran into a shoal and grounded, about a hundred yards from the beach. There was a considerable surf running, through which it was necessary to wade; and Corney, being the first to jump in, took our present adjutant on his back, and began to push towards the sands. But before he took three steps a musket-ball struck him in the breast, and he fell dead. Corney, too, accomplished his destiny, for he died in the water, after all. This, then, is one of my stories; now for the other. When the same officer of whom I have already spoken held a captain's commission in the Royal Scots, he had for a servant one Sam Rogers, a man with whom I long lived on terms of great intimacy, and who, as he had received a superior education, so was he perfectly free from every thing like a tendency to superstition. On the morning of the day when we drove in the enemy's pickets into Flushing, he came to his master, and said that he had had a fearful dream, and wished to communicate its purport to somebody. 'What was it, Sam?' asked the captain; 'let's have it. I like to hear dreams above all things.' 'You need not talk so lightly of the matter, sir,' replied Sam, 'for my dream refers to you as well as to others.' 'So much the better, my good fellow,' cried the captain. 'Out with it; I'm dying to hear it.' 'So you shall, then, sir,' said Sam. 'I saw, in deep sleep, a dark cloud pass before my eyes, which gradually opened out, and displayed behind it a thin fleecy vapour, that floated up and down for some time. By and by, shapes began to appear on the vapour, and I beheld, to my astonishment, the coats of arms of several officers, both of the Royals and of other regiments. They were all marked in characters of blood. Below one was marked the word 'killed'; below another, 'wounded.' 'And what legend might mine bear, Sam?' demanded his master, still laughing. 'You will be wounded, sir; but Captain Talbot, of the 5th, will be killed, and Lieutenant Wallace of ours likewise. But this is not all. The shields melted away, and there came a voice from behind the cloud, which said, 'You must die also!' Now, sir, so confident am I that I shall not survive many hours, that I beg of you to ascertain whether every thing that you have committed to my care is safe.' The captain would have treated his request with ridicule, but Sam was determined; and he had his own way. The property to be accounted for was, indeed, of trifling value, for we landed at Flushing in the lightest possible order; yet Sam insisted

upon his master's taking charge of his own haversack. And it was well that he did so. Of the officers whom he named as doomed to the slaughter, neither escaped. He himself was killed early in the battle, and the captain received a wound, of which he still feels the effects, and will probably continue to feel them till his dying day.—Have not we soldiers, then, just as many warnings, both of our own fate, and of the fates of our comrades, as seamen?' 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaims a fourth warrior, 'is that all that you can tell the gentleman? These are but every-day occurrences. But let him read this. It is a true copy of a letter that was delivered in by the person to whom it is addressed, and is yet preserved among the records of the Prize Office. Talk of men being forewarned of their coming deaths! That's nothing! Read my letter, sir, and ask the chaplain whether it is not a genuine document.' We take the epistle thus handed to us, and find what the reader finds below.

*'Copy of a Letter from Sergeant Thomas Davis, 76th Regiment, to his Wife.'*

*'April 15, 1811, Dublin.'*

'My dear dear wife,—I received your loving letter in Fermoy. I am very happy to hear that you are in good health, and my family. Dear Mrs. Davis, I have rote these three lines on the 15th instant, but I stopped my hand until the 24th of April, 1811, until I should see how I would pass the bord. I remain in Fermoy hospital for a long time. They turn me out uncured. I came on the coach to Dublin, having got a very good pass. I thought to remain in Dublin until I would pass the bord, until I would get some money to bring me home to my dear family. But when I came to Dublin I got worse. There is some prize-money coming to me, I hope that you will get for my family. Dear wife, I was going to rite to you for some money to bring me home, but now it is all over. Lord have mercy on me! I departed this life on Sunday, about two o'clock. I had not one shilling to bury me in a strange place. You may come to see where I am buried, if you chuse. I hope you will pray for me. Dear wife, I am no more in this world. If you come to Dublin, come to No. 11, Duke Street, Dublin. I have got a young man to rite for me, by the name of John Garland, I bein' so bad that I could not rite it myself. I was in hope of getting my half year's salary on the 24th of this month, and twenty pounds prize-money. No more at present from Thomas Davis, sergeant of 76th regiment of foot, Ireland. I remain for ever.'

"Is this really a genuine letter?" ask we. 'As genuine as the Bible!' answers our gallant friend, with imperturbable gravity; 'and, for my part, I think it a great deal more wonderful that a man should write to his wife after he is dead, than that a dead wife should appear to her husband, and tell him that his hours are numbered. Don't you think so too, sir?' 'It would be hard to decide between them,' is our reply; 'but this last has the merit of being more uncommon, at all events.'"

The bull is Mr. Gleig's own, and at page 239, vol. ii., where he says:—

"Accordingly, on the very morning after the receipt of this letter, she let her house, gave her children, of whom one was dead, in charge of her mother, and, disposing of her business, at a heavy loss, became free as the air of heaven."



*The Christmas Library, Vol. I.: Birds and Flowers and other Country Things.* By Mary Howitt. 18mo. pp. 208. London, 1838. Darton and Clark.

THIS is the most beautiful little volume that we have yet seen; the woodcuts delicious, and accompanied by poems as delicious. Mrs. Howitt must have had much enjoyment in forming this *Christmas Library*. First, the material, the store of future song, had to be collected; and, how many pleasant summer walks, and loiterings by the green-wood side, must have been conjured up, as their results were put into music and poetry! We have so many favourites that it is difficult to choose; still, the following justify a choice.

*"The Sea-Gull.*

Oh! the white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull,  
A joyful bird is he,  
As he lies like a cradled thing at rest  
In the arms of a sunny sea!  
The little waves rock to and fro,  
And the white gull lies asleep,  
As the fisher's bark, with breeze and tide,  
Goes merrily over the deep.  
The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by,  
And her people stand to note,  
How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves  
As still as an anchored boat.  
The sea is fresh, the sea is fair,  
And the sky calm overhead,  
And the sea-gull lies on the deep, deep sea,  
Like a king in his royal bed!  
Oh! the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,  
A joyful bird is he,  
Sitting, like a king, in calm repose  
On the breast of the heaving sea!  
The waves leap up, the wild wind blows,  
And the gulls together crowd,  
And wheel about, and madly scream  
To the sea that is roaring loud:  
And let the sea roar ever so loud,  
And the winds pipe ever so high,  
With a wilder joy the bold sea-gull  
Sendeth forth a wilder cry.  
For the sea-gull he is a daring bird,  
And he loves with the storm to sail;  
To ride in the strength of the billowy sea;  
And to breast the driving gale!  
The little boat she is tossed about,  
Like a sea-weed to and fro;  
The tall ship reels like a drunken man,  
As the gusty tempest blows.  
But the sea-gull laughs at the pride of man,  
And sails in a wild delight  
On the torn-up breast of the night-black sea,  
Like a foam-cloud, calm and white.  
The waves may rage, and the winds may roar,  
But he fears not wreck nor need.  
For he rides the sea, in its stormy strength,  
As a strong man rides his steed!  
Oh! the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,  
He makes on the shore his nest,  
And he tries what the inland fields may be;  
But he loveth the sea the best!  
And away from land, a thousand leagues  
He goes 'mid surging foam;  
What matter to him is land or shore,  
For the sea is his truest home!  
And away to the north 'mong ice-reeks stern,  
And among the frozen snow,  
To a sea that is lone and desolate,  
Will the wanton sea-gull go,  
For he careth not for the winter wild,  
Nor those desert-regions chill;  
In the midst of the cold, as on calm, blue seas,  
The sea-gull hath his will!  
And the dead whale lies on the northern shores,  
And the seal, and the sea-horse grim,  
And the death of the great sea-creatures makes  
A full, merry feast for him.  
Oh! the wild sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,  
As he screams in his whirling flight:  
As he sits on the waves in storm or calm,  
All cometh to him aright!  
All cometh to him as he liketh best,  
Nor any his will gainsay;  
And he rides on the waves like a bold, young king,  
That was crowned but yesterday!"

"The gull, notwithstanding the gormandising and rather disgusting character given of it by Bewick, figures beautifully in his inimitable wood-cuts; giving the very spirit of wildness and freshness to his sea-side sketches. The gull may occasionally be found far inland, domesticated in old-fashioned gardens, where it is an indulged and amusing habitan, feeding on slugs and worms, and becoming thus a useful assistant to the gardener. In this state it seems

entirely to throw off its wild native character, and assumes a sort of mock-heroic style, which is often quite ludicrous. We have seen one strutting about the straight alleys of such a garden, with the most formal, yet conscious air imaginable, glancing first on one side, then to the other, evidently aware of your notice, yet pretending to be busied about his own concerns. It was impossible to conceive that this bird, walking 'in his dignified way,' upon his two stiff little legs, and so full of self-importance, had ever been a free, wild, winged creature, wheeling about and screaming in the storm, or riding gracefully upon the sunshiny waters. His nature had undergone a land-change; he was transformed into the patron of poodles, and the condescending companion of an old black cat. With these creatures, belonging to the same place, he was on very friendly terms, maintaining, nevertheless, an air of superiority over them, which they permitted, either out of pure good-nature, or because their simplicity was imposed upon. They were all frequently fed from the same plate, but the quadrupeds never presumed to put in their nose till the gull was satisfied; and to his credit it may be told, that he was not insatiable, although a reasonably voracious bird on ordinary occasions. We saw last summer, also, a gull well known to northern tourists, which for twenty years has inhabited one of the inner green-courts at Alnwick Castle, and has outlived two or three companions. It is an interesting bird, of a venerable appearance; but, as it has been described in books, more need not be said of it. In one of the towers of this same castle, also, we were shewn a pair of perfect bird-skeletons, under a glass shade, the history of which is mysterious. They are the skeletons of a pair of jackdaws, which had built in one of the upper towers of the castle, and had been found in their present state, apparently nestled together. From the account given us by the porter, an intelligent old man, they appeared not to have been discovered in any confined place, where they might have died from starvation, but by their own tower, on the open roof, as if they had been death-stricken side by side."

*"The Hedgehog.*

Thou poor little English porcupine,  
What a harassed and weary life is thine!  
And thou art a creature meek and mild,  
That wouldst not harm a sleeping child.  
Thou scarce can'st stir from thy tree-root,  
But thy foes are up in hot pursuit;  
Thou might'st be an asp or horned snake,  
Thou poor little martyr of the brake!  
Thou scarce canst put out that nose of thine;  
Thou canst not shew a single spine,  
But the urchin rabble are in a rout,  
With terrier curs to hunt thee out.  
The poor hedgehog! one would think he knew  
His foes so many, his friends so few,  
For when he comes out, he's in a fright,  
And hurries again to be out of sight.  
How unkind the world must seem to him,  
Living under the thickest dusk and din,  
And getting his living among the roots,  
Of the insects small, and dry hedge-fruits.  
How hard it must be, to be kicked about,  
If by chance his prickly back peep out;  
To be all his days misunderstood,  
When he could not harm us if he would!  
He's an innocent thing living under the blame  
That he merits not, of an evil name;  
He is weak and small—and all he needs  
Lies under the hedge among the weeds.  
He robs not man of rest or food,  
And all that he asks is quietude;  
To be left by him, as a worthless stone,  
Under the dry hedge-bank alone.  
Oh, poor little English porcupine,  
What a troubled and weary life is thine!  
I would that my pity thy foes could quell,  
For thou art ill-used, and meanest well.

*"The Sunshine.*

I love the sunshine every where,—  
In wood, and field, and glen;  
I love it in the busy haunts  
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in  
The humble cottage door,  
And casts the chequered casement shade  
Upon the red brick floor.  
I love it where the children lie  
Deep in the clovery grass,  
To watch among the twining roots  
The gold-green beetles pass.  
I love it on the breezy sea,  
To glance on salt and oar,  
While the great waves, like molten glass,  
Come leaping to the shore.  
I love it on the mountain-tops,  
Where lies the thawless snow,  
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,  
Lies stretching out below.  
And when it shines in forest-glades,  
Hidden, and green, and cool,  
Through mossy boughs, and veined leaves,  
How is it beautiful!  
How beautiful on little streams,  
When sun and shade at play,  
Make silvery meshes, while the brook  
Goes singing on its way!  
How beautiful, where dragon-flies  
Are wondrous to behold,  
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,  
And bodies blue and gold!  
How beautiful, on harvest slopes,  
To see the sunshine lie;  
Or on the pale reaped fields,  
Where yellow shocks stand high!  
Oh, yes! I love the sunshine!  
Like kindness or like mirth,  
Upon a human countenance,  
Is sunshine on the earth.  
Upon the earth; upon the sea;  
And through the crystal air,  
On piled-up clouds; the gracious sun  
Is glorious every where!"

Again we warmly commend this delightful little volume.

*Hervé's Residence, &c.*

[Second notice: conclusion.]

WE left off with Mr. Hervé's arrival at Constantinople, and promised his sketch of the sultan, as a pair with the portrait of Otho. Here it is.

"I had (says the artist) a good view of him as he rode there and back. His countenance is not so fine as many of the aristocratic Turks; his nose is straight to the tip, then it swells out, and has a coarse red appearance, seeming to tell a Bacchanalian tale; his beard is black; his eyes are not fine, and have a sort of dizzy look; his stature is about the middle height, and he is not so corpulent as most of his ministers. He has much personal vanity. An Armenian, who has taken many miniatures of him, shewed me one which I did not find like him, observing, that he had given him a regularly straight nose, quite in the Grecian style. The artist replied, that he was conscious of that; but that the sultan wished it so, as he did not like the knubble at the tip, which totally spoiled the symmetry of that prominent feature. The painter also informed me that the extreme blackness of the grand signior's beard proceeded from his dyeing it; and he would not permit sundry red spots in the miniature, which in his own face were rather conspicuous. He was born in July 1784, but certainly has not the appearance of being near so old as he really is. His mother was French, and celebrated for her extreme beauty; she was taken, when very young, on her passage from one of the French colonies, by an Algerine corsair, and ultimately sold to the father of Mahmoud; she took great pains with his education, and succeeded, in some degree, in softening the natural ferocity of his temper; hence he is generally admitted to be less cruel than his predecessors. He is well known for having departed from many of the prejudices attached to the Mahomedan religion, and in none more conspicuously than his extreme devotion to the juice of the grape. At present, he interferes but little with the affairs of state, being rather of an indolent habit.



Most of those European ameliorations, attributed to his suggestions, which have been recently introduced into his dominions, having been principally effected by the seraskier, whilst those which regard the navy have been chiefly at the instigation of Tahir Pacha, the present capitan pacha, or high admiral. Mahmoud the second has been accused of many of those enormities which mostly deform the biography of sultans, as having his brother murdered, as also two of his females who were pregnant, in order to prevent any possibility of future aspirants to his throne. Some have even stated that he caused the death of his eldest son, with a variety of other crimes; but his partisans (even amongst the Franks) deny the truth of these accusations; moderate men doubt them; whilst his enemies confidently proclaim them; and an author is too apt to take the report of that coterie into which his introductions have mostly thrown him. When I saw the sultan, he was accompanied by his ministers and principal officers of his household. They were some of them very good looking as to features, but were mostly fat and short; the best-looking amongst them was his son-in-law; but, from their having adopted the European costume, they have no longer that dignified appearance which they once had when clad in that garb which was so thoroughly in keeping with the peculiar cast of their countenances. There were some men who walked in the procession whose feathers were as high nearly as the first floor windows: I never could have imagined any thing so tremendous in the shape of a plume. The most interesting objects of the whole concern were the horses, twelve of which were led, being the choicest specimens of the sultan's stud. They were so richly caparisoned, that it was impossible to conceive any thing more splendid; the housings of the saddle had on each side an ornamental trophy, entirely composed of diamonds and precious stones. As the spaces occupied by these decorations are larger than a man's hand, the value must be immense. The borderings are also formed of jewels, worked in various patterns. The animals were Arabians, of the finest race, and as perfect in their symmetry and proportions as if they had been selected as models of their species; I therefore must say that the quadrupeds, in their exterior, had much the advantage over the bipeds."

The description of the principal prison, or bagnio, is one of the most striking in the work; we quote a portion of its appalling details.

"Imagine human beings of a pale greenish yellow colour, then conceive a skeleton, with a skin the thickness of parchment stretched over it, the bones being as visible as if there was no covering drawn over them. The total listlessness of expression, as I regarded them, struck me most forcibly, whilst standing and contemplating what man could be brought to, by a privation of every nourishment, save that which was just requisite to keep bone and skin hanging together. The wretched victims, for one instant, cast their dying-looking eyes upon me, then let them fall on their tedious work, scarcely appearing to notice what passed before them. They were picking pieces of rope, or something of that sort, which the labour assigned them. Their countenances had but one expression—a settled sadness, a feeble despair, which left not sufficient energy to move the head from its fixed sunken position, which remained unmoved, even though the eye was, perchance, uplifted. From their extreme thinness, the cheek-bone was remarkably prominent; and the cavity which contained the eyes

deeper than I ever before saw in any human being. They had no clothing, except such as decency demanded. To the waist, they were generally naked; and the scorching sun's rays were shining on their bare shoulders, when men, who had clothes to repel the intensity of the heat, were carrying umbrellas in the streets. What, then, must have been the endurance of these pitiable objects? I found, on inquiry, that they were mostly Kurds, or natives of Kourdistan, a district that has always been rebelling against the Turkish government; and the poor wretches, doomed to drag on a living death in the bagnio, were peasants who were compelled to follow their chiefs to the field, when they have rebelled against the porte, and having been taken prisoners, they know not whether their incarceration be for life, or for what period. Sometimes a number of them are taken out at night and thrown into the Bosphorus: and these poor fellows, who come from a far distant country, even when set at liberty, have no means of returning to their homes; therefore death in battle would be comparative happiness to that of being made a prisoner. I suppose they are not permitted openly to beg of visitors, as many made silent signs to me for money, but had the appearance of doing it in a concealed manner."

Tahir Pacha, we are told, was a great amateur of corporeal punishment. Mr. H. says—

"Whilst I was at Constantinople, all the captains of the ships of the line received, with the exception of two, by his orders, the bastinado. In another instance, when the fleet was performing certain evolutions before the sultan, one ship, which was American built, sailed much swifter than the rest, and passed that of Tahir: whereupon he went on board the offending vessel with a great stick, and immediately knocked down the captain, and cudgelled him as long as he could stand over him. This abrupt manner of correcting an officer for any dereliction of duty, or for any remissness of those under their orders, was not uncommon. Formerly, the Turks considered that they had the privilege of compelling a Christian to sweep the street before them; and, some time since, some low fellows put the broom into the hands of one of the first English merchants in Constantinople, who, highly indignant, went immediately and complained to the sultan, by whose orders the minister of police was instantly sent for. The moment he entered he was flogged by two men with clubs; and would certainly have been despatched, had not the merchant interfered, and entreated that the chastisement might cease. When the sultan observed, 'Ah! that is the way you Franks always behave: you come to me and make a complaint, then when I attempt to award the punishment that is merited, you always interfere to prevent it.' 'But,' said the merchant, 'the minister was not present; therefore, how could he help it?' 'True,' replied the sultan; 'but he ought to have preserved the police of the capital in such a state, that so flagrant an outrage could not have occurred. Had those who were under his command been at their proper stations, some one would have been within call, and, at the moment, would have punished the delinquents:' adding, that it was the practice of the porte, when any thing did not work well in any branch of the legislature, to punish the heads of the department, leaving them to chastise the underlings. A friend of mine met with a still more extraordinary instance of the roughest discipline being inflicted on persons, without any knowledge whatever that they were the

offenders of whom complaints were made. He was travelling in Egypt, and passing through a village, had some stones thrown at him by some youths, one of which hit him. He complained of this to Ibrahim Pacha, who immediately ordered four young men of the village to be flogged,—no matter whether they were the persons who had done wrong or not,—because, he contended, his object was to prevent the recurrence of such a circumstance. 'And now,' added he, 'when the inhabitants of that village find that any one of them is liable to be flogged for an outrage on a stranger, they will always, one and all, exert themselves to prevent any one that might pass through being insulted, for their own sakes.' Ibrahim further observed, 'that he should consider it highly injurious to his country, were it stated in the English papers that travellers had stones thrown at them with impunity, when passing through the villages in Egypt, as it might give the British people a very bad opinion of the administration of the laws in our nation.'"

We are not very sure whether this is or is not the better way of repressing crime. *Certes*, it would prevent many idlers from looking on, and encouraging it. But we must now hasten to a conclusion. In company with a Genoese, of the name of Castelli, our countryman travelled on horseback to Belgrade, by Adrianople, and across the Balkan. Of their adventures, there is not much to remain on the memory; but we pick out a variety or two.

At Adrianople, "after having taken leave of the pacha, we went to see his stud, consisting of about a hundred and fifty horses; some amongst them were most beautiful creatures: all the finest were Arabians; the greater number were for the saddle; but some were for his carriages. One of his horses the pacha had mentioned to us, as being a great favourite, though now twenty years of age, and would take a pinch of snuff and smoke a pipe. We saw this extraordinary animal: it was a fine milk-white steed; and witnessed its taking the pinch of snuff, or rather the receiving it, as the man put it in one nostril, it immediately turned up the other for some more, at the same time, by whinnying, expressing its satisfaction.

"The next day we found Tartar Bazarjik to be a town of more importance than we had imagined. As we advanced, our anxiety to mount the far-famed Balkan increased; however, we yet had several halts to make before the ascent was to take place. They have a singular custom in this part of the world, after you arrive and have dismounted, they walk the horses slowly round a circle for about ten minutes before they put them in the stable: doubtless the motive is to cool the cattle gradually." [To be sure it is: and done at every hostelry throughout England and Scotland].

The quarantine at Semlin was annoying enough, and in the transit thence through Hungary to Vienna, Mr. Hervé observes, that all the lower orders proved themselves to be cheats and liars. But the writer says, notwithstanding their impositions, "I really must give the reader an idea of the ridiculously cheap charges which were made for our bed and board at Neussatz. We had, on arriving, breakfast of eggs, coffee, and bread and butter; we had a tolerable dinner of several dishes, with wine of the country, and dessert; in the evening we had tea, and breakfast again the next morning; and our whole bill only amounted to three francs and a half, making the proper calculation from florins into French money.



At our first starting, the country was pleasant, and had a social air, but we often had to traverse the most uninteresting and uncultivated plains. We were always delighted to see a village, as the aspect was ever cheerful. The first stoppage we made was at the driver's own cottage, which had a very comfortable air, and his crops around it bespoke plenty. We certainly had four stout horses, who appeared capable of puffing us through, but we sometimes found the roads more than a match for their strength. We met numbers of the country people: the costume of the men was most singular, consisting of an immense coat reaching nearly to their heels, made of sheepskins; and in wet weather they wear the wool side outwards, which has a most rough and savage appearance, and makes them look like wild beasts. When it does not rain, or threaten to do so, they wear the skin side of their coats for the exterior, and they have them very curiously worked, by having little bits of different coloured leather let in, so as to represent flowers. On their heads they wear a large round hat, with a tremendous brim, which is turned up all round, and holds the water like a dish; so that I have seen them in hard rains, every ten minutes take off their hat to empty it of its accumulation of water. They all wear large Hessian boots, their hair very long, and mustachios: their heads always put me in mind of the pictures of Oliver Cromwell. Some of the women looked to me exactly like our own village girls,—cotton gowns, and caps, appearing to be worn much in the same way as in England; others had jackets trimmed with fur,—appearing more foreign and picturesque. Many of the females also wear Hessian boots: I observed that they very often had pretty features, appeared active, and had rather a lively expression."

The obverse is thus painted:—"Through masses of mud, we again resumed our journey, and were much astonished at the extreme indelicacy of the women, who, as they waded through the dirt, took up their clothes to such a degree of indecency, that I am sure the commonest London prostitutes would not have had the audacity to have done. I was sitting in front of the wagon next the driver, when I first observed one of these shameless creatures; much surprised, I turned to him, expecting to see in his countenance and manner an equal astonishment, but found that he took no notice; and afterwards I perceived that it was the custom of the country, and that all the women of the lower class, old and young, seemed equally dead to any feeling of shame or modesty. At all the inns we stopped at, the extreme forwardness of the females was conspicuously remarkable. Travellers really see such extraordinary things, that when they record what they have seen, their assertions are received with such a smile of incredulity, that one is almost afraid to relate what one has actually met with, as no man likes to have his word doubted. I, therefore, laid violent hands upon Castelli, bidding him look at, and well examine a cross of a most singular appearance, which, on close inspection, we found to be intended for our Saviour, with a glory round his head; but they had actually dressed him in the costume of the present day, in buckskin breeches, and jockey boots. Had I not had ocular demonstration of such an absurdity, I could not have believed it."

Before quitting our work, we must express our opinion, that Mr. Hervé is very unlucky, and is often vulgar when he attempts to be very facetious. What he means by "besmiling smile," we cannot guess, and possibly the fol-

lowing bits will not be thought more intelligible or amusing:—

"I well remember seeing the king most closely watched during the progress of his raising a cup of tea to his royal lips, by two vigilant observers, who waited impatiently the moment when the cup should be empty, that they might fly to the aid of their monarch, and disburden him of the vacant vessel. These aspirants for royal favour, were situated at opposite sides of the room, and unfortunately came a rush at the same instant, whereby they came most violently in contact, within a few inches of their sovereign. Now each of these gentlemen had a proboscis so far exceeding the usual proportions, that when their two faces struck together, the concussion was audible; the king advanced a few paces to ascertain the extent of the damage; a powerful sensation was excited throughout the assembly, until it was ascertained that one of the victims had sustained but little injury. The other, however, whose nasal charms appeared to be of a more tender and susceptible nature, bled most copiously, whilst I could not resist congratulating him on his good fortune, in thus having had an opportunity of shedding his blood in the service of his monarch. At first he half thanked me for my condolence, but observing some of the bystanders inclining to smile, he looked at me with a sort of expression, which seemed to indicate he would rather I had held my tongue."

"Yet I was much better off than a friend of mine, who arrived at Epidaurus at another period, and was not so fortunate as to be conducted, as I was, to the best inn in the place, but was ushered into one considerably inferior, where they had not even the aforesaid shophoard; consequently, his mattress was laid on the floor, which was, as usual, the unspoiled earth; but, having observed that there was a great pig, which appeared to have the run of the house, he began to entertain sundry suspicions that the pig would be walking upon him in the night, whilst he might be asleep, and communicated his apprehensions to his landlord and landlady, who assured him that the pig never went into that corner where his mattress was laid. My friend, however, could not understand why that spot should be more respected than the rest by this ambulating swine, and retired to his pillow, very sceptical on the subject, his doubts and fears, for a long time, keeping him awake. At length, fatigue and drowsiness operating upon him, he sank into the arms of Morpheus. How long he had remained in that delicious state of unconsciousness is hard to say, when he was disturbed by a tremendous pressure on his cheek; and naturally turning his head, the pig's foot (for it was the pig's self that pressed) slipped into his mouth, being well charged with an accumulation of mud and filth, collected in its nocturnal promenades. My unfortunate friend sprung on his feet, spitting and spluttering, endeavouring, to clear his mouth of its unwelcome contents; at the same time, with stentorian voice, vociferating an anathema against the accursed hut and its inmates, he rushed into the air, and sought a brook that 'babbled by,' and there performed an ablution which had become highly necessary."

An indelicacy, pages 165-6, vol. i. forbids repetition; and another, page 390, about un piccolo piccolo, one would hardly think worth robbing Joe Miller of.

But enough of these sillinesses: and we conclude that, though there is little to be learned from these volumes respecting Greece

or Turkey, there is that sort of entertainment which we have indicated for anecdote and gossipmongers.

#### BOOKWOOD.

THE great popularity of this highwayman-hero has, we observe, already brought his adventures, by Ainsworth, to a fifth edition, and to the still more popular form of one (No. 60) of Bentley's standard novels. The frontispiece and vignette, by Cawse and Greatbatch, do credit to both artists and to their subjects; but we can only adopt a quotation from the preface to this revised, corrected, illustrated, and noted copy of the life of a long-time-ago corrected and noted robber.

"The ride to York," says the author, "a portion of the work which appears to have enjoyed the greatest share of favour, cost me the least time and the least trouble in execution. It was written in as few hours as the equestrian feat described took in its accomplishment. My pen galloped over the leaves with unwonted ease, and with unwonted celerity. So thoroughly did I identify myself with the flying highwayman, that, once started, I found it impossible to halt. Animated by kindred enthusiasm, I cleared every obstacle in my path with as much facility as Turpin disposed of the impediments that beset his flight. In his company, I mounted the hill-side, dashed through the bustling village, swept over the desolate heath, threaded the silent street, plunged into the eddying stream, and kept an onward course, without pause, without hinderance, without fatigue. With him I shouted, sang, laughed, exulted, wept. The whole panorama of the country between London and York seemed to pass before me; and, as I had not, at that time, travelled along the Great North Road, I was surprised, upon verifying my descriptions (which I did before the appearance of the work) to find them tolerably accurate. The pains of authorship are great; but its pleasures, when they occur, are greater. And among the latter, I may instance the composition of this 'ride to York.' It is curious that, besides Turpin, there are two other claimants to the distinction of this remarkable achievement, and equally curious that both these claimants should be brothers of the blade. The first of these, Will Nevison, was a noted highwayman, who flourished in Charles the Second's time, and feigning death, during the prevalence of the plague, was carried out of the castle at York by his confederates, and subsequently rode, it is stated, from that city to London in a single day. Nevison's irons (if I remember rightly) form part of an interesting collection of knives, saws, pistols, hatchets, bludgeons, daggers, stakes, and other blood-stained implements of destruction, exhibited by the York gaoler, who, by the by, is a great stickler for Will's equestrian reputation, and contends that Turpin has robbed him of his laurels in this particular matter of 'the ride.' With becoming deference, however, to the opinion of this well-informed gentleman, I would venture to state that I can discover no record of such an exploit in the meagre accounts of his hero; nor is there any allusion to any such performance, accomplished by any person whatever, that I can meet with, earlier than 1758. In the 'Narrative of the Life and surprising Robberies and Adventures of William Page,' published in that year, the ensuing passage occurs. 'One instance,' says the historian, referring to an attempt, on the part of Page, to prove an *alibi*, 'I myself remember, which happened



upwards of thirty years ago. This was Harris, the famous highwayman, who robbed on the black mare. He committed a robbery in the morning, in Surrey, on a gentleman who knew him perfectly well; and, therefore, Harris rode for it with such speed, trusting to the goodness of his mare, that in the evening, about sunset, he appeared on the Bowling Green at York, and, pulling out his watch, shewed it to the gentlemen present. But, notwithstanding this prodigious performance; namely, the riding one hundred and ninety-four miles in one day, so positive was the evidence against him, that he was convicted upon it. The old Duke of Richmond, as I remember, was so charmed with the vastness of the performance, and the bravery of the man, that he interceded for his life, and obtained it, on condition that Harris would give him his word and honour never to be guilty of the like offence again. Harris gave him his faith that he would not, and was as good as his word. He immediately set up a fencing-school; and afterwards married a woman of fortune at Steyning, in Sussex, where he lived in reputation till his death. This is, unquestionably, a curious story; and if Harris be not an *alias* of Turpin, I can scarcely tell what to make of it. Here we have the 'black mare,' the 'ride to York in a single day,' and the incident of the 'watch shewn to the gentlemen on the bowling-green,' told of Turpin at Hough. It is quite certain, that in all the records of crime to which I have had access, no memoir of any highwayman of notoriety, rejoicing in the aristocratic name of Harris, is to be found. It is equally certain, that before Turpin's day, the question of such a 'ride' had never been mooted; and it is highly probable that Page's biographer, partially informed upon the subject, may have substituted one name for another, and related a traditional anecdote of Turpin, with some trifling embellishments of his own. The date referred to (1728) coincides with the supposed period of Turpin's exploit. Be this as it may—and it is impossible to settle so important and so perplexing a point, if the ride in question was actually performed by Nevison, Harris, or Turpin (no matter which of the three)—it is a feat unrivalled in the annals of the sporting world; and such as Mr. Osbaldeston, or any other 'crack rider' of our time, would vainly strive to emulate. It could only have been undertaken, only have been executed, by a highwayman!"

*Appropos* of extraordinary feats of horses, we heard an instance the other day, which, though we (having seen the horses after the feat) can vouch for the truth of the fact, greatly surprised us. A gentleman had related the performance of an extraordinary pony which was driven twenty miles within the hour; and others referred to the famous wager won by the late duke of Queensbury, when they were all eclipsed by an individual, who asserted that he had witnessed a pair of horses, on the very day preceding, with a carriage, certainly a light carriage, go the *unexampled distance of ninety miles in three successive hours!* The statement was more than questioned; and, like most of such cases, ended in a bet, which the assessor won. This was only a fortnight ago.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Squire.* By the Author of the "Heiress," a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Bentley.

THERE is nothing in these pages that calls for criticism. The story is pleasantly told enough, but full of those improbabilities, dangers, and

discoveries, which have long formed the staple of circulating commodities. The character of the Squire, rough but kind, hasty yet well meaning, is natural and well drawn.

*Stirring Stanzas on Her Most Gracious Majesty's Invitation to the City.* By Daniel Dump, Esq., Deputy of Dowgate. Pp. 37. London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A PUNNING piece of waggonery on the approaching festival, and an amusing squib enough, without ill-nature or personality.

*Farrell's History of British Birds, Part III.* London, 1837. Von Voorst.

HAVING in this part concluded the group of Falconidae, our very able naturalist proceeds to that of the Strigidae, and begins with the Eagle Owl, the figure of which, by the by, seems to us to be rather short and squab, though *certainly* these (in our eyes) handsome birds can ruffle out their plumage wonderfully. The sense of hearing in the owl is very acute, and they are usually divided into the tufted and the smooth headed, the former having two tufts of feathers, or ears, to grace their whimsically sagacious countenances. The scops-eared, long-eared, short-eared, the white or barn owl, the tawny, the snowy, the hawk, and the little owl, are also well engraved and well described.

*The History of the French Revolution, No. I.,* by M. A. Thiers. 8vo. (London, Bentley).—This is a very cheap and neat edition of M. Thiers' celebrated History of the French Revolution. The character of the work is too well known for comment; and the Number before us, is ornamented with characteristic embellishments. *Cabinet Cyclopaedia: History of England, Vol. VII.* 12mo. pp. 384. (London, Longman and Co.).—Shewing the same industry in collecting material as its predecessors; but not calling by any originality for careful criticism.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY evening, Dr. Macreight, V.P. in the chair.—The routine business being gone through, Dr. Bossey read part of a paper, 'On the Plants which have been observed to produce the Ergot.' The parasitic fungi have an especial claim to the attention of the botanist, the agriculturist, and the medical practitioner, from the remarkable effects which they produce on the growth and development of the plants to which they are attached; from the influence they exert on the quantity, quality, and value of crops; and as being the source of a most potent and useful medicine, and the cause of a fearful and fatal disease. The species treated of were, first, the *Uredo segetum*, the dust, brand, smut, or burnt-corn of the farmer. The genus *Uredo* consists of pulverulent parasitic fungi, developed beneath the epidermis of living plants, and composed of small, free, unicellular sporidies, or reproductive vesicles, which are filled with minute spores, or seeds; and the species *Uredo segetum* consists of a scentless black powder, residing within the fruit or glumes of the grasses, by which the normal structure of the grain is wholly destroyed. The grasses affected by this species are rye, wheat, barley, and oats. The attack commences long before the corn is ripe, even while it is enclosed in the vaginal sheath; and it is matured and dispersed in the state of a dry black powder before the harvest. The only ill effect on the animal economy produced by this species is said to be the occurrence of ulcers on the legs of persons walking in fields affected by it. The next species possesses the same generic characters—is called, by farmers, pepper-brand, stinking-brand, or smut-balls, and by botanists, *Uredo caries*. It differs from the former, however, in the following particulars: 1st. It affects only the farinaceous part of the grain, and not its cover-

ings. 2d. Its granules are much larger, and of a less intense black colour. 3d. It possesses an extremely offensive odour. And, 4th, it is not dispersed before the harvest, but is reaped and carried with the sound corn. It is readily recognised in wheat by the grains being lighter, shorter, and rounder, than healthy corn, and by the dirty appearance of its integuments. Grains thus affected are easily crushed by the finger, have a greasy feel, and emit their peculiar odour when rubbed. No means of preventing its attack have hitherto been discovered; but its less frequent occurrence in wheat has been ascribed to the process of dressing to which that corn is subjected. Dressing consists in allowing the corn to macerate for some time in sea-water, or solutions of common salt or arsenic, &c. and then drying it by means of quick-lime. The advantages resulting from this treatment have been well illustrated by experiments, one of which Dr. Bossey related; but which of the processes used for the protection of the crops is most effectual, he could not take upon himself to say. Wheat, when thus diseased, is so altered in its sensible and physical properties, that it is not likely ever to have been used extensively as an article of food; but its occasional admixture with sound corn has afforded opportunity of observing its deleterious effects on man. Galen speaks of "*frumentum nigrum*" in connexion with lollum, and cautions against its use. Longolius saw a man who, having from curiosity devoured a few grains of carious wheat, was affected with pains in the limbs; and Tissot states that chronic diseases of the abdomen and skin occurred in 1758, from the bread of that year containing a portion of it. An interesting conversation ensued, in the course of which (embracing chiefly the average produce of corn, the proportion destroyed by uredos and insects, different soils, the process of dibbing, &c.) it was stated that many persons were affected, in 1814 and 1816, with what was commonly known as mildew mortification.—Adjourned.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday afternoon, the Rev. John Barlow, F.R.S., in the chair.—Visitors to the gardens and museum, September and October, about 28,000. Stock at the gardens, 284 mammalia, 725 birds, and 23 reptiles; in all, 1032; being a dozen less than at last report. The secretary, in answer to Mr. Vigors, stated that the receipts at the present period of the year were less, by 3880*l.*, than they were this time last year; 10,081*l.* 12*s.* had been invested in the three per cents; the Society's liabilities were less this year by 1700*l.* than the usual average; so that, taking every thing into consideration, the real deficiency amounted only to about 600*l.* Two living hippopotami and several fine lions are expected shortly to be added to the menagerie. A number of individuals were elected into the Society.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28.—Mr. Bachoffner read a paper "On the Electro-Magnetic Coil." The construction is simply a thick coil of wire, carrying the battery current, surrounded by a thin wire of 2000 feet, in which is set up the secondary current; that a current of this nature is for a time established in the thin wire by its proximity to the one carrying the battery current, is a fact no longer disputed; but whether such current is the result of induction, or whether it proceeds from the expansion and collapse of the magnetical lines, is a subject, the



author stated, for future experiments. The introduction of the coil into the circuit of a voltaic battery, capable of effecting the decomposition of water, Mr. Bachoffner found, diminished, and not, as it has been stated, increased, the amount afforded in a given time. The following experiment had been tried several times with similar results:—Four pots, sustaining batteries capable of holding half-a-pint of liquid each, gave one cubic inch of the mixed gases in two minutes and a half; but when the coil was introduced, the time occupied to obtain the same quantity was augmented to three minutes and a half. A like decrease of power was shewn with the battery on the table. Mr. Bachoffner stated his opinion, that no correct estimate of the action of the coil can be taken if an intensity arrangement be employed for that purpose. He then reversed the arrangement from intensity to one of quality, which he was enabled to do, by the ingenious contrivance of Mr. Clark, in a few seconds. The battery in that state was incapable of decomposing water; the introduction of the coil produced decomposition, or intensity effects; and these were considerably increased by intercepting the flow of the battery current, and again permitting it to take its course, or, as it is termed, making and breaking contact, not too rapidly. A bundle of wires, short pieces from eight to ten inches long, bound firmly together by an insulated wire of the same metal, inserted in the centre of the coil, increased the power twenty fold. The chemical effects likely to be produced by the action of the coil offer a wide field of research. The various contrivances to break and renew contact, viz. Ritchie's magnet, Barlow's spur wheel, Collen's electro-magnetic repeater, as also Mr. Golden Bird's, submitted to a former meeting, were cursorily noticed: they all require mercury at the points where contact is broken; consequently, are subject to the combustion of that metal and the common inconveniences attendant upon its use. Mr. Bachoffner had substituted an apparatus with a spring and ratchet wheel, upon the well-known principle of the child's rattle. It dispensed with mercury, and, from its simple construction, is not liable to get out of order. It, however, requires turning, and does not perform its task silently; the latter inconvenience may be removed by filling up the vacant spaces of the wheel with pieces of ivory. The electric light given out from this apparatus, on breaking contact, is highly interesting. Several experiments were shewn with springs tipped with different metals. One fact connected with the platina spring is likewise interesting: the smell peculiar to dry frictional electricity is very palpable.

#### ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOC. OF CORNWALL.

THE council of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, in their twenty-fourth annual report, observe, that they feel called on to notice, before every other circumstance, the loss which the Society has sustained by the demise of its illustrious and royal patron, King William the Fourth, who graciously took it under his protection and patronage, and was pleased to bestow on it an annual donation of twenty pounds; and to record with grateful acknowledgment that her majesty the Queen Victoria has munificently signified her intention of continuing the same bountiful support. The report goes on to state that the labours of the Society during the past year have principally had reference to the organic remains which have been found in different parts of the county: for, although their existence in one or two insulated spots

was well known, no suspicion was entertained of their occurrence in so many localities and in such abundance. This year has also witnessed the completion of an object which was one of the chief desiderata at the institution of this Society. The valuable researches of many of its members, and of Dr. Boase in particular, had given a good general outline of the geology of Cornwall, and accurate details of many parts of it; but the labours of Mr. De la Beche, under the directions of the Board of Ordnance, have at length brought to perfection a geological map of the county, executed with the accuracy for which that eminent geologist is so distinguished. This, and a book of reference, are now in a forward state, and they are to appear early in the ensuing spring. Mr. Henwood's valuable survey of the mines is also completed. The donations to the museum have been of great value and importance.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

October 30, 1837.

SIR,—Supposing that, as editor of a literary publication, you will not disdain the veriest scraps of notices connected with literary subjects, allow me to point out to you a laughable blunder, committed in the last-published part of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and which well deserves a place in that system of domestic cookery, mentioned in your last, in which the curious receipt for making hell-broth may be found. (*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, Part XLVI., page 274, of the *Lexicographical Division*.) "*Salad*,—Fr. *salade*; It. *insalata*; Sp. *ensalade*, quasi *salada*, salted; because eaten with salt; the Lat. *acetarium*, because eaten with vinegar (*acetum*)."

Judge, sir, what was my astonishment at finding the following, cited to illustrate the above.

"And thus, having so good a reason as this, to induce and draw us on, we may not stick to have pretious baubles upon our heads, so it be under our *sallats* and *mourrons*."—*Holland, Phinie*, book xiii., chap. 3.

Either Pliny, or Holland, or the encyclopædist, is here outdoing Hannibal with a vengeance. He, it is said, sopped the Alps with vinegar, but certainly without any intention of eating them; and who, I pray, would ever think of pickling a *sallet* or morion with salt and vinegar, unless it were to provide a dainty dish for an ostrich? Now, sir, you need not to be informed that this quotation ought to have appeared eight pages further on, in connexion with a word, which, although very like unto the above in sound, is very unlike in sense; viz. page 282. "*Sállad*, or *Sállat*.—Fr. *salade*, a helmet, or head-piece," &c., &c.

And here you will find a quotation from Shakespeare, in which mention is made of the word in both its senses, and, therefore, might have been cited by the encyclopædist, with equal propriety in both places.—Vide *Henry VI. Part 2d, Act iv. Scene 10. Iden's Garden*.

*Cade loquitur*.—"On a brick wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a *sallet* another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word *sallet* was born to do me good; for, many a time, but for a *sallet*, my brain-pan had been cleft with a broken bill; and many a time when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on."

But it may be objected, that, whereas *sallets* and morions were formed of various materials;

that they were made, not only of metals, but also of the skins of divers beasts; so, under the supposition that those in question were actually of the latter material, the encyclopædist might yet be justified in his quotation; for that an old leathern helmet, dressed with salt and vinegar, might afford an enviable meal to a soldier on short rations.—I must, therefore, refer you to Pliny himself for an answer to this objection. His words are:—"Ista patrocinia querimus vitii, ut per hoc jus sumantur sub casside unguenta." And I believe it to be universally admitted, that, while *galca* is the term employed to designate a leathern helmet, so *cassis* is used to signify one constructed of materials certainly not more digestible than iron or brass.—I remain, &c. F. B.

P.S. Since writing the above, I have discovered that the same blunder has been made in the "New Dictionary of the English Language," by Charles Richardson. While I am on this subject, will you permit me to inquire whether you or any of your readers can help me to the meaning and etymology of the word *coresing*, which occurs in the passage below. I have a fancy of my own on the subject, but I feel so uncertain with regard to it, that I had rather seek for information from others than venture to branch my own opinion.

(*Three Primers put forth in the Reign of Henry VIII., reprinted at Oxford, 1834, and edited by Dr. Edward Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity, page 175.*) "Then they that were come thither with their master, considering what was like to fall, said to him, 'Master, shall we smite them with the sword?' for that, that their master had said before, as concerning the sword to be so necessary, that all their money, their meat, yea, their very coats, ought to be changed for swords, signifying the great power and violent hands of their enemies to come; they, like as yet carnal men, gathered of these his sayings, that they might slay, or use the sword. Wherefore even then said they, 'Master, lo, here are two swords.' But their master neither would, nor meant any such defence. Notwithstanding, yet, here at this time, before he could answer and shew them his mind, as touching this *coresing* of words for their other necessities, Peter Simon, which pretended to love his master more fervently than other, having then one of these two swords, had drawn it, and smote off the right ear of one called Malchus, the bishop's servant."

#### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 26.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. T. V. Short, late Student of Christ Church, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and Deputy Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty, Grand Comptroller.

*Doctor in Civil Law*.—Rev. F. Gooch, Fellow of All Souls' College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—J. Lane, Queen's College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. H. Rogers, University College; H. Woolcombe, Rev. W. L. Hussey, R. R. Anstice, Students; Rev. W. G. L. Wasey, Rev. J. C. Barrett, Christ Church; Rev. W. Sinclair, St. Mary Hall; W. C. Le Breton, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. J. Price, Jesus College; Rev. C. W. Landor, Worcester College; A. Entwistle, Fellow, Rev. S. R. Waller, Rev. A. W. Radcliffe, Brasenose College; G. A. Payne, Pembroke College; Rev. W. Brock, Queen's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Sir R. H. Leigh, Bart., Grand Compounder; J. C. B. Riddell, R. H. Pollen, Christ Church; T. Halliwell, New Inn Hall; E. Salmon, Exeter College; F. M. R. Barker, Oriel College; F. P. Voules, Wadham College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

CAMBRIDGE, October 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—The Rev. R. Parkinson, St. John's College, Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, and Hulsean Lecturer in this University.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—E. D. G. M. Kirwan, W. A. Carter, Fellows of King's College.

*Trinity College*.—The prize for the English Essay was



this year adjudged to J. A. Hardcastle; and the Latin Verse prizes to A. M. Hopper, and J. M. Neale.  
*Queen's College.*—The theological-dissertation prize was adjudged to W. R. Smith; the Latin declamation prizes to J. Thomas and F. Simpson; and the English Essay to W. Mathews.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Architectural Society (Conversazione).  
 Wednesday.—Medico-Botanical.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The first meeting of the above society took place on Wednesday last, at Freemasons' Tavern, and displayed a good assemblage of works of art and men of talent. Mr. Robert Graves exhibited his etching of Shakespeare's Trial, after Mr. G. Harvey, which he is now engraving for the Scottish Association. We also observed a pair of splendid etchings, from pictures by Robéot, of Paris, of Roman peasants; a beautiful etching, by Bromley, of the royal hounds; some pictures by Stanfield; and drawings by Pyne and others. Also, a fine picture by De Bree, of Henry IV. and the Duc de Sully in a nunnery.—Mr. Sams, the Egyptian traveller, who was present, exhibited various interesting articles from ancient Egypt, illustrative of the early art of engraving: among others, a remarkable necklace, of great beauty. It is composed of Oriental cornelian, chryso-prase, and gold, intermingled, and is supposed to have belonged to some princess of the time of the Pharaohs. Six of its pieces, longer than the others, bear inscriptions, evidently cut with the graving tool. There was also a remarkable lamp, having an inscription in Greek, in the uncial character; and, particularly, an extraordinary and magnificent royal signet, of solid gold, weighing nearly an ounce and a half. This beautiful object has the king's name, one of the most ancient Pharaohs, engraved upon it, as well as other inscriptions, all evidently cut with the graver. The form of the signet is simple, but curious: a large, massive, and accurately squared piece of gold is hung on a swivel, so that two sides bear inscriptions.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G. &c. &c., as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.* Painted for the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, by John Lilley, Esq.; engraved in mezzotint by James Scott. Boys. In noticing the fine whole-length portrait of England's illustrious warrior and statesman, which was one of the most attractive features of the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, and from which the present print has been engraved, we said:—"The resemblance is excellent; and the depth and richness of the tones, and the general management of the effect, would do honour to the most experienced hand: yet we understand that Mr. Lilley has not yet attained the age of twenty-one." It appears that our opinion on this subject became so strongly that of the public, as to call for two prints—one a whole length (now in the course of execution), the other the half length before us, exactly corresponding in size to the portrait of Sir Robert Peel, engraved by Mr. Turner from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture. Mr. Scott has acquitted himself with great ability; and has been remarkably successful in preserving that most difficult achievement of a portrait-painter's pencil, the characteristic expression by which the original picture is distinguished. The print is dedicated, by special permission, to her majesty.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1838: Ireland.* Illustrated by T. Creswick, and D. MacLise, A.R.A. M'Cormick.

HOWEVER little the text of this annual may justify the title of "picturesque,"\* the illustrations fully support its claim to that appellation. As was the case last year, the great majority of them are from the pencil of Mr. Creswick. Mr. MacLise has furnished only three; viz. "A Lady at Prayers," "The Irish Market Girl," and "The Irish Jig." The last is especially spirited and characteristic. The number of Mr. Creswick's contributions is sixteen. We need not add, that they are all exceedingly beautiful. No artist knows how to arrange designs in a vignette form better than Mr. Creswick. He "focuses" (as our able friend Burnet would call it) the light and shade with singular skill. Of this quality, "Waterloo Bridge, Cork," "The Gap of Dunloe," "McGillicuddy's Reeks, and the Upper Lake of Killarney," "Fair Head," "Carrickfergus Castle," "Comme Dhur (The Black Valley)," and "Donegal Castle," are fine specimens.

*Memorials of Cambridge. A Series of Views of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings of the University and Town of Cambridge.* Engraved by J. Le Keux, from Original Drawings, made expressly for the Work: with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Buildings, &c. by Thomas Wright, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.—No. 1. London, 1837. Tilt; Cambridge, J. and J. Deighton, and T. Stevenson; Oxford, J. H. Parker.

THE success which has attended the publication of the "Memorials of Oxford," has encouraged the proprietor of the publication under our notice, to commence a similar undertaking with reference to Cambridge. "He is convinced," he observes, "that it yields not to its sister University, either in beautiful subjects for the pencil and the graver, afforded by its public buildings, and by the scenery which immediately surrounds it; in interesting relics of past ages; in matters of historical interest and importance; or in the number of great and distinguished men who have been formed within its precincts." The subject of the first number is Trinity College. Besides wood-engravings of the "Cycloidal Bridge," and of the "Statue of Edward III. on Gateway Tower," there are views of the "Library," and of the "Great Court," executed in the same style of clearness and beauty that so frequently elicited our commendations of the "Memorials of Oxford," to which Work, we have no doubt, the *Memorials of Cambridge* will form a very worthy companion. The high reputation and talents of the author are a sufficient pledge that the historical and descriptive matter will be of sterling character and value.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

\* \* \* When we introduced some poetry under the signature of E. C. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1077), we were not aware who our anonymous correspondent was; but have now the pleasure of paying the compliment to the name and sex of our fair contributor, Miss Eliza Cook, a name which will not be forgotten, if continued to be attached to such various and beautiful compositions.

##### THE DEWDROP.

THE sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,  
 And the beautiful pearl lights the sea;  
 But the surface of earth holds a rival for them,  
 And a lustre more brilliant for me.

\* See the Literary Notice of this publication, in our No. 1063.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines;  
 Now the blue of the sapphire it gives:  
 It trembles—it changes—the azure resigns,  
 And the tint of the ruby now lives.

Anon the deep emerald dwells in its gleam  
 Till the breath of the south wind goes by,  
 When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam,  
 Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look on the grass-blade all freshly im-  
 pen'd,

There are all of your jewels in one;  
 You may find every wealth-purchased gem in  
 the world,

In the dewdrop that's kiss'd by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say;

Juno envies its sparkles and light;

For 'tis form'd of drops lit by his own burning  
 ray,

And Olympus shews nothing so bright.

ELIZA COOK.

##### THE SMUGGLER BOY.

WE stole away at the fall of night,  
 When the red round moon was deep'ning her  
 light,

But none knew whither our footsteps bent,  
 Nor how those stealthy hours were spent;  
 For we crept away to the rocky bay,

Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay;

We gave the signal cry, "Ahoy!"

And found a mate in the smuggler boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,

And we lov'd the fearful tales he told

Of the perils he met in his father's bark;

Of the chase by day and the storm by dark;

We got him to take the light boat out,

And gaily and freshly we dash'd about,

And naught of pleasure could ever decoy

From the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

We caught his spirit and learnt to love

The cageless eagle more than the dove;

And wild and happy souls were we,

Roving with him by the heaving sea:

He whisper'd the midnight work they did,

And shew'd us where the kegs were hid,

All secrets were ours—a word might destroy,—

But we never betray'd the smuggler boy.

We sadly left him, bound to range

A distant path of care and change;

We have sought him again, but none could

relate

The place of his home, or a word of his fate;

Long years have sped, but we dream of him

now,

With the red cap toss'd on his dauntless brow;

And the world hath never given a joy

Like the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

ELIZA COOK.

##### THE WATCH OF DEATH.

THE last low murmur of the chimes of night,  
 Boom'd from the rustic village spire. Beside  
 A sick man's couch, with looks which could  
 not hide

Affection's fears, a maiden watch'd. The light  
 From her dim lamp fell on her face, like blight  
 On some fair flower. Fond girl! she seem'd to

chide [aside

Her own low sighs: her eyes ne'er turn'd

From the poor sufferer; lest to realms more

bright

His soul should wing. The room was still.

He slept.

His bony hands lay motionless and cold;

His livid cheek, down which a tear still crept,

Press'd the white pillow; there was naught that

told



He lived; yet she sat list'ning for his breath—  
An angel watching o'er the sleep of death!  
TENNANT LACHLAN.

# SKETCHES.

*Streetology, No. V.*—As is our custom, we noticed the *début* of this publication, though addressed to the lowly subject of street beggars and itinerants; and as is also our custom, we have abstained from any further remarks on its contemporary progress. Our principle is, that as we cannot praise all, we have small right to impede or injure by censure, works either in the same, or in something like the same line with our own; and therefore it is best, according to the old saw, to let every herring hang by its own head. But we have not on these grounds felt ourselves precluded from an occasional notice of any insulated matter which might occur to us, and in this spirit we insert the following curious quotation from the slight production which we have named. It concludes the biography of a singular match-vender, and might be treasured among the archives of the Statistical Society as part and portion of the statistics of London. "With respect, then, to match-venders, or Streetological 'timber merchants,' there are, including men, women, and children, about seven hundred who are to be found in and about the metropolis, some carrying a few old-fashioned bundles in their hands, going from door to door, knocking or looking down into the area windows, and forcing a sale of their timber splinters, with the inquiring cry of 'Please do you want any matches? pray do take a hap'orth of a poor woman, with a large family of small children. God bless you, mar'm, thank you.' Some of them carry a basket with a few laces, threads, needles, &c.; and occasionally in addition to the match business, some of the old women carry a pack of cards, which frequently enables them, if once they catch hold of an unwary servant, and obtain admission to the kitchen, to draw a shilling or two for a 'lay-out,' and a little fortune-telling. \* \* \* Men and women respectfully dressed may be seen standing in the obscure streets, at a distance from the glare of the gas-light, with a basket or clean cloth, containing a few bunches of matches: these are the newly initiated beggars, who carry a few bundles of matches, merely to avoid being taken by the officers of the Mendicity Society. The principal markets and avenues leading thereto, are studded with itinerant timber merchants. There is one more class, that may be termed the wholesale retailers, being in number about fifteen or twenty; they live by supplying the ship-chandlers in Thames Street, Wapping, Limehouse, Blackwall, Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and other water-side localities, and are seldom found exercising their callings in the street. The itinerant match-venders dispose of about ten shillings' worth per week each upon the average; the timber costing them about eight pence, and the brimstone three-pence—say one shilling in all, thus then they have for labour of cutting and selling, nine shillings. Admitting that they are sold in half-penny worths, although many persons take two or three pennyworth at a time, while others only purchase a farthing's worth, each vender will supply 240 families, and the whole match-making fraternity will, consequently, supply 148,000 families weekly, and receive in the aggregate for that apparently useless and inconsiderable domestic article—a brimstone-dipped stick, the immense sum of 350*l*. It is estimated that in London and its environs, not

less than 1000 fathoms of wood are annually cut up for matches, and about three tons of brimstone consumed in dipping them. This estimate includes the marine consumption; and although match-making may be made light of, it will be seen from Dick Tyn't's authority, that it is a very important and weighty matter, and one that certainly supplies bread to a great number of unfortunates, and is of vast consideration to every one who keeps a tinder-box, and eschews lucifers."

# MUSIC.

'Twas the Day of the Feast, a Historic Ballad.  
Written and composed by Samuel Lover,  
Esq. Duff and Co.

THE affecting circumstance on which the poet has seized with so true a spirit of grateful patriotism and loyalty, must be in the memory of our readers. Lord Munster, by the act of filial piety this verse enshrines, imparted the last earthly solace to the fainting soul of our lamented king: the melody is beautiful, and, in our opinion, not unworthy of the occasion.

"The last annual tribute of the flag of Waterloo to the crown of England was made to William the Fourth a few hours before his Majesty's lamented death; on receiving the banner, the king pressed it to his heart, saying 'It was a glorious day for England,' and expressed a wish he might survive the day, that the Duke of Wellington's commemorative fête of the victory of Waterloo might take place. A dying monarch receiving the banner commemorative of a National Conquest, and wishing at the same time, that his death might not disturb the triumphal banquet, is at once so heroic and poetic, that it naturally suggests a poem. The following lines were written immediately after the event, but the publication of the song has been delayed through a feeling of respect; the laurel should not be placed too close to the cypress, nor the sound of the lyre be heard too near the grave of a king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,  
'Twas the day he had seen the foe-man fall,  
'Twas the day that his country's valour stood  
'Gainst steel, and fire, and the tide of blood.  
And the day was mark'd by his country well,  
For they gave him broad valleys, the hill and the dell,  
And they ask'd as a tribute, the hero should bring  
The flag of the foe to the foot of the king.

'Twas the day of the feast in the chieftain's hall,  
And the banner was brought at the chieftain's call,  
And he went in his glory the tribute to bring,  
And lay at the foot of the brave old king;  
But the hall of the king was in silence and grief,  
And smiles, as of old, did not greet the chief,  
For he came on the Angel of Victory's wing,  
While the Angel of Death was awaiting the king.

The chieftain he knelt by the couch of the king;  
'I know,' said the monarch, 'the tribute you bring;  
Give me the banner, give me the flag to the king,  
And he press'd the flag to his fainting heart.  
'It is joy ev'n in death,' cried the monarch, 'to say  
That my country hath known such a glorious day!  
Heaven grant I may live 'till the midnight's fall,  
That my chieftain may feast in his warrior hall!'

# DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Saturday was produced the *Indian Girl*; a piece of mingled dialogue and stage action, or dumb-show; in which, of course, Celeste sustained the principal part—that of an English girl, the daughter of one of our regicides, carried off by the Indians, and made the wife of a red chief. She is retaken; and her recognition of her family, almost obliterated from her memory by ten years of savage life, affords fair scope for her powers, and all the rolling artillery of a pair of large French eyes. Her child is made an instrument, and too frequently, to affect her mind and passions; for, in such cases, the morning gun ought not to be too often repeated. M'Ian, as the Indian warrior, is very calm and characteristic; and the fatal catastrophe forms a striking tableau: but the whole is far too long for the material, and there is not interest enough to carry out a sixth portion of the time and gramicery.

*St James's Theatre.*—The *Cabinet*, revived in force, with Braham in full song, has been the great attraction here since our last.

*Adelphi.*—On Monday, a most gorgeous melodrama, worthy of the highest scenic efforts

of this theatre, was produced. It is entitled, *Valsha, the Slave Queen*, and founded on a Bohemian tradition. The costumes, the pageantry, and the scenery, are splendid; and it is quite wonderful to see so much of striking beauty and interest effected on any stage, and still more on one of the *Adelphi* limits. The finale is fearfully fine and impressive. Mrs. Yates performed *Valsha* in her most touching and finished style; and O. Smith, a stubborn ruffian, with some few touches of nature, admirably. The whole is got up in a manner which reflects the utmost credit on the management for spirit and profuse expenditure; and, as we anticipate a long and prosperous run for the *Slave Queen*, we rejoice to be able to say, that, with all the strong features of the French stage, this drama is not only altogether free from the stain of immorality, but, in truth, the plot, from first to last, is well devised to point a moral. The adaptor is, we believe, Mr. Coyne; and the success of his work is quite uproarious and triumphant.

*The Opera Buffa.*—We are glad to find that the *Opera Buffa* is about to re-open for another season at the Lyceum, and with such a programme as bids fair to make it all the public could desire. An opera of Mozart's is intended for performance once in every week. Cinti Damareau will join if she can obtain the needful leave; and, already, with the exception of Mademoiselle Scheroni, the young and pretty, who is announced for December, a host of talent has congregated in London. A great variety of excellent operas, some of them new to us, are, we see with pleasure, in the bill of fare.

# VARIETIES.

*Ornithological Society.*—It is out of its regular place, but we have merely to state that the Ornithological Society met yesterday; when Messrs. Blyth, Macleay, and Vigors (the latter in the chair), made some interesting remarks on various peculiarities in birds, the egret in owls, the bill in hornbills, &c. &c.

*La Mosaïque.*—A French weekly publication, No. 1., has joined our periodical ranks; and we hail it with pleasure, for it is very various, very meritorious, and offers a most agreeable vehicle for familiarising readers with the language.

*Weather Wisdom.*—This is an important week, for Thursday is the Lord Mayor's Day, and the Queen is going to feast with the city. What says our oracle? "Cold air on the 4th—a fall of snow. The sextile of the Sun to Jupiter on the 6th will mitigate the cold; but Saturn near at hand, may cause snow. The influences are of a windy nature about the 8th, with many changes—dark and gloomy weather." Painful uncertainty! The ninth is in doubt. May it be sunny as the occasion!

*H. B.*—As politics begin to resume their season, H. B., of course, becomes more fertile. We have this week two novelties (Nos. 504, 5), in which the same characters figure, viz. the Queen and Lords Melbourne and Palmerston. In the first they appear on horseback, as Susannah and the Elders; and in the last, as *Kitty* and two of the livery in *High Life below Stairs*, but inverted as lately performed at Windsor, when the sheriffs' livery suits were exhibited to royalty. The likenesses are very good, but there is not much satire in these sketches. The first is the best.

*The late Dr. Valpy.*—We are informed that the subscription for a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Valpy, for upwards of fifty years head master of Reading school, is filling



H.

We have used all we can of R. E. I.'s tableaux.

Valuations of every Description of Property made, for the  
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